THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Diagnosing Hitler

Hitler, speaking to the new Reichstag which had just extended his dictatorial power until 1943, afforded us excellent material for a diagnosis of what ails him. He was a perfect example of the injured innocent. Germany had for years suffered from the wrongdoing of others; she had done nothing wrong herself. She was, in fact, the persecuted object of a conspiracy (the conspirators being international Jewish bankers). He was hurt by the unjustified attacks on him, but if his enemies did not desist saying mean things, or if Germany and her friend Italy were deprived of what they wanted to gobble, he would stop at nothing. In that case the responsibility for violence would be on his enemies. Within the German family, Hitler simply could not endure the bickering and argument that goes on in democracies. The people must be unified and obedient. He is the God-given leader who can pick out their ideal for them and realize it. If they will be obedient, they will, like him, become transfigured, and the confused democracies, like so much waste matter, will be extruded from Europe. On everything except the subject of his complicated central delusion, Hitler is rational. He is, indeed, extraordinarily shrewd. The doctors have a name for this sort of disorder. It is paranoia.

The Government May Serve the Citizen

The Supreme Court did not merely decide that the TVA has a constitutional right to go on with its power policy. The Justices, by a vote of six to two, refused even to review the case decided by a lower court against the fourteen private-utility companies who had contended that the government was not permitted to compete with them. Franchises and other governmentally granted rights, said Mr. Justice Roberts in his opinion, do not confer monopolistic privileges upon the utilities, protecting them from all possible competition. Their case is so far without merit that the Court will not even hear it. It looks as if the Constitution were at last ceasing to be the private property of the big financial interests.

New Blood for the ICC

The Tories are having fits again. President Roosevelt has nominated former Representative Thomas R. Amlie of Wisconsin to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the hysteria has begun. The Wall Street Journal doesn't like the choice. Neither does such an anti-New Dealer in the Senate as Burke of Nebraska. The Wisconsin State Legislature went to the amazing length of passing a resolution calling Mr. Amlie a Communist. In Wisconsin, it is well to remember, both Democrats and Republicans are ultra-reactionary, all the state's liberals having been drained off into the Progressive Party. Catholic influence is strong and so is that of the Germans; both groups contain many who resent Mr. Amlie's preference for the Spanish Loyalists. The truth is that Tom Amlie has fought the Communists on many issues. He is an intelligent, hard-

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working progressive, a warm supporter of New Deal measures. He is endorsed by progressive leaders in Congress, including Elbert Thomas and George Norris.

Amlie is to replace Balthasar Meyer, an elderly Republican whose term has expired, and much is made of the fact that the new man is not an expert on railroad matters. But in fact the ICC could well get along with a little less expertness and a little more devotion to the public interest. The finance division of the ICC, where Amlie will presumably be assigned, has for years been notorious as the undercover ally of the railroad management. When a scheme was on foot to reorganize the Missouri Pacific in the interest of the insiders who had already looted the road once, the ICC did everything possible to hinder efforts to expose and stop what was going on. In December, 1937, the ICC certified that the Erie road did not need reorganization. Just twenty days later, managers of the Erie itself came into court and admitted that it did. In January, 1938, the ICC certified that the Baltimore and Ohio could have a loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation without reorganization. The decision was a highly technical one, the net effect of which was to defeat the actual intent of the law and to help the management in the perennial struggle between public and private interests. If Amlie were only half the man he is, he could still bring the ICC a badly needed breath of fresh air and common sense.

Anti-Nazi Propaganda

The considerable influence in America of the German-American Volksbund is partly due to propaganda of the familiar Nazi kind, proclaiming salvation through the Germanic race and thus lulling by flattery any feeling of patriotism toward America. In "The German Reich and Americans of German Origin," a recent study of Nazi propaganda sponsored by fourteen eminent men, including Henry L. Stimson, Samuel Seabury, Nicholas Murray Butler and Felix Frankfurter, we read (quoted from the Stuttgarter NS-Kurier):

> German-Americans, thus prepared, economically rejuvenated and politically active, shall then be used under our leadership in the coming struggle with communism and Jewry *in the reconstruction of America.*

But there is another kind of Nazi activity in this country, just the opposite of "reconstruction." Harry Bridges, the West Coast director of the CIO, has wired President Roosevelt saying that Nazi agents and sympathizers working for the North American Aviation Company, a subsidiary of General Motors at Los Angeles, and for Consolidated Aircraft, at San Diego, are engaged in wholesale sabotage of airplanes being manufactured for the United States government. He says that local government officials and the Bund are involved. If these very serious charges are true, an inference here is to prove the accusations and spread them over every newspaper in the country.

American Planes for France

Just what is President Roosevelt trying to do about French purchases of army airplanes? A bomber of the latest type crashed in California the other day with a French military observer on board, and the general public learned for the first time that France has a military mission in this country which is planning large purchases. The army and navy have always objected to selling their latest models to foreign governments, on the ground that they do not wish other countries to have the advantage of our inventions. Whether this plane was equipped with actually secret devices, and just how far Mr. Roosevelt is planning to go in selling to France equipment roughly equivalent to our own, are things that are not yet clear. It is evident, however, that he is still carrying on his "undeclared war" against the dictators. By helping Britain and France to buy American planes, he hopes to make their air force superior to Hitler's and thus stiffen their resistance, while increasing our own manufacturing capacity, our potential wartime strength. There is much to be said for such a policy, if only we could be sure that Britain and France were faithful friends of ours. But can we be sure, in view of Mr. Chamberlain's record? How do we know to what use airplanes bought in America today may be turned tomorrow?

Appeasement and the Pound Sterling

The hard-boiled realists in London "City" do not talk much for publication, but those who know their tongue can sometimes read it in the financial pages. There have been strong indications in this sign-language that they do not think the Chamberlain "appeasement" policy is increasing the security of Britain. So great and steady has been the flight of British capital to this country that some weeks ago sterling exchange showed a marked falling tendency and the Bank of England was impelled to transfer a large sum of gold to the exchange fund, which is used for purchases of foreign currencies in order to peg artificially the exchange value of the pound. At the same time, British gilt-edged securities were sagging so much in the London market that there was talk of devoting another large sum to supporting them. Though the detailed operations of the exchange fund are a carefully guarded secret, it appears from the recent steadiness of sterling that the new gold has been employed, perhaps in lavish amounts, to support the pound. Certainly gold shipments from London to New York are continuing in immense volume. Defenders of the British government assert that the recent flight of capital was the temporary work of international speculators and thus could be checked by the official dealings in exchange. But it

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the British empire is sinking, and that attempts to maintain financial stability in the face of the Chamberlain discouragement will lead to a continued loss of gold.

Will the People Speak?

While the Fascist powers make clearer every day their new plans of aggression, the Spanish Republic, the strongest barrier against them, is slowly crumbling. Although on January 31 the Republican troops were resisting with new vigor, it was clear that unless arms came from other countries the rest of Catalonia must soon fall to Franco. The still unbroken spirit of the Spanish gives assurance that the war will go on in the central area. But there, too, unless the Loyalists can get some arms, they must be defeated.

France, the country that will lose most by Fascist control of the peninsula, closed her border January 30 to the thousands of refugees who were crowding roads and towns to escape from starvation, bombing and the other horrors that France herself had a big share in enforcing on them. All over the world people of good will watch the headlines with bitter sorrow, some of them resolving newly to fight in any way they can to halt the Fascists. And all over the world governments elected to represent these people are silent, watching the agony. It is not yet too late for the people of the world to speak.

The Third Lustrum

The USSR has released some details of the Third Five Year Plan. It calls for an increase in annual production, by the end of 1942, of 38 percent over the production of 1937, which was the last year of the Second Five Year Plan. For the year 1939 the Plan asks for a productive increase of about 13.5 percent, a goal considerably more modest than the Soviet planners have previously set. It is, however, an estimate they are likely to attain. Last year showed an increase of 12 percent over 1937, although a 16-percent rise had been asked for. Serious difficulties arose from the fact that the first two plans were too hopeful and went too fast. They were imperative demands on the nation. Now, in contrast, the third plan changes its tone; it is a statement of the progress that may be reasonably attained.

Heavy industries will still take precedence over the production of consumers' goods, an emphasis made necessary by the threat of aggression by Germany or Japan or both. The USSR must build up state defense reserves of fuel, electrical energy and armaments. She must improve her transport and communication facilities. A big increase in agricultural production is also planned—from 19,000,000,000 rubles in 1937 to 30,000,000,000 rubles in 1942. To obtain these increases the USSR expects to raise the productivity of labor 65 percent by 1942. That's a big order. Wages are to rise 35 percent and total wages paid, 62 percent during the same period. Great improvements are to be made in living conditions and cultural facilities. A lot of giant projects have been dropped or deferred.

Robert Hallowell

An old friend of The New Republic is gone. Robert Hallowell, who died of a heart attack on January 27, in his fifty-third year, was one of the group that founded this journal and was its business manager from 1914 until 1925. In the latter year, he changed the course of his life as suddenly and sharply as did Gauguin and gave up publishing to become a painter. Despite his late start, his canvases hang today in many galleries; perhaps the best known among them is the portrait of John Reed in Adams House at Harvard. To the editors of The New Republic and to many others he will be remembered best, however, neither as business man nor as artist but as a warm-hearted, impulsive, loyal and singularly attractive human being.

We Disagree with Mr. Flynn

Readers have sometimes remarked a disparity between opinions of John T. Flynn in his department, "Other People's Money," and The New Republic's editorial position. The reason is simple: both Mr. Flynn and the editors have complete freedom to say what they think. This week we disagree with Mr. Flynn's estimate of Mr. Willard Thorp, who has just been appointed to a position under Secretary Hopkins. Mr. Thorp has had a thorough training in economics, at one time worked closely with Professor Wesley C. Mitchell, was regarded when he was on the faculty of Amherst as one of the most liberal of the younger economists, and has previously served his apprenticeship with the government. His work with Dun and Bradstreet was of a technical nature. His testimony before the monopoly committee, though exploited as minimizing the menace of monopoly, by headline writers who did not know what he was talking about, nevertheless presented a fair and useful picture of present business organization. We do not believe that Mr. Thorp deserves Mr. Flynn's gloomy forebodings.

A Victory Over Hague

The courts have decided against the notorious labor-baiting mayor of Jersey City, Frank Hague. The Third Federal Circuit Court of Appeals sustained and broadened a district-court injunction ordering that the CIO and the American Civil Liberties Union should be granted the rights of free assembly and free speech previously denied them. The Circuit Court declared unconstitutional the Jersey City ordinance under which permits for meetings had been refused to the CIO and its sympathizers, and struck out a section of the injunction that made it possible for Hague to prevent CIO meetings on the streets and in public parks. Council for Jersey City's administration announced that they would ask for Supreme Court review of the case, but in view

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of the recent record of the court in civil-liberties cases they can hardly expect a very different decision. Just getting a few CIO organizers the chance to speak in Jersey City won't smash the Hague machine. Even so, the decision is one bright note in a black week.

Yeats

Yeats died at seventy-three like a man cut off in mid-career. His verse and his ideas are so much a part of contemporary life that it is hard to believe he also had been a Victorian poet, a younger contemporary of Tennyson and Browning. The truth is that Yeats had three separate careers. During the first he was a *fin-de-siècle* writer, to be classed with Ernest Dowson, Aubrey Beardsley and the naughty boys of the nineties (though his honest love for Ireland always set him a little apart from the others). During the second, which lasted roughly from 1896 to 1910, he was the center of the Irish literary renaissance (which led directly to the Irish revolution). Yeats's third period, beginning about 1919, was one in which he made a gesture of retirement from politics (though his poems, more than ever before, reflected the life about him, including its political struggles). These later poems were the best of his three careers; they were the sharpest, the simplest, the most objective; and they are being imitated by younger poets wherever English is spoken. His prose, too, is a living influence; we have all been waiting for a sequel to the earlier volumes of his autobiography, which had carried his story only to 1902. Instead of dying like Tennyson, after expressing all his thoughts, he died like Shelley at the height of his powers and with half his work unwritten.

Spinach, or the People's Choice

Yet our boundless faith in the workings of democracy takes some shakings. The current mayoralty campaign in Chicago is worrying us right now. On February 28 the Chicago Democratic primaries will be held, and it is almost certain that the Democratic candidate will win the election. The leading contenders for the nomination are the present Mayor, Edward J. Kelly, and the State's Attorney, Thomas J. Courtney (called by his opposition "the Dewey-nothing of Chicago"). For Democrats, these men have curious backers. Kelly is supported by Republican Colonel McCormick and his Chicago Tribune and Courtney is sponsored by Republican Frank Knox and his Chicago Daily News. For many years progressives in the Middle West have condemned the notorious Kelly-Nash machine, but recently there have been some signs of improvement. Mayor Kelly, for example, has fought hard for adequate relief, has made the police behave themselves in the stockyards strike and has protected the civil rights of unemployed demonstrators. He has even endorsed the candidacy of Professor Paul Douglas of the University of Chicago for alderman, although he knows that Douglas, if elected, will be completely independent. Chicago progressives, therefore, along with both the AF of L and the CIO, have turned toward the Kelly ticket as the best hope. No wonder we worry.

But our faith in mankind was somewhat restored by a poll of close to 50,000 New York school children, which revealed that Roosevelt is "the most loved man in the world" and Hitler "the most hated." Runner-up to the President is God and to Der Führer, Mussolini. (Out of yesterday's pantheon, Washington, Lincoln and the Devil survive merely as also-rans.) According to these boys and girls, the world hates better than it loves and with more concentration: Hitler alone received 80 percent of their vote whereas Roosevelt and God together got only 66 percent. The children also chose spinach as one of their four favorite foods, doubtless under the influence of Popeye the Sailor. We care not who makes the laws of the world, if we can draw its comic strips.

News Notes of a Week

At least seven cities were destroyed, and thousands of people killed, in one of the worst series of earthquakes in the history of earthquake-ridden Chile. President Aguirre Cerda, recently elected by the Popular Front, had universal coöperation as he personally led rescue and relief work. . . . After receiving several votes of confidence on foreign policy during the week, Premier Daladier of France seemed likely to get another on his proposal to give only a restricted amnesty to workers who took part in the general strike of November 30. His support on the Right will probably be more solid than ever—and it's been pretty solid. This may cause the resignation of some Cabinet members who don't want to be divorced from the Left.

After sustaining by the margin of one vote the cut made by the House in the WPA appropriation, the Senate passed the appropriation bill. They added amendments to keep out of relief the politics they have been influential in putting in, and provided that only five percent may be cut from the rolls before April 1. . . . As the Rules Committee of the House announced that it would hold hearings on the Dies Committee resolution asking additional funds, William Dudley Pelley's Silver Shirts patted Dies on the back for "going on a witch-hunt after good Federal Reds and making only a hollow gesture toward probing Bunders and Silver Shirts." This is just what progressives think he did, too. . . . Representative Thomas of New Jersey moved to impeach Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins for neglecting to deport Harry Bridges as an alien belonging to an organization which advocates the forcible overthrow of government. Court decisions vary as to whether membership in the Communist Party is cause for deportation (a case is now before the Supreme Court), it hasn't been proved Bridges does belong to that party, and he denies it.

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Europe's New Crisis

WITH THE FALL OF BARCELONA, international Fascist policy obtains the base for its next attack. This time the aggression will be directed against France. Italian troops, plus a large number of planes, tanks, artillery and other equipment supplied by both Italy and Germany, have made Franco's army formidable, and he is now, or soon will be, on the French border. "Non-intervention" in the Spanish war by London and Paris has given the enemies of democracy an opportunity to encircle the French Republic and bring it to terms.

The strategy, if the plans of the dictators are successful, will be that of Munich all over again. Italy has already begun a heated agitation for her demands, threatening that they will be gained by war if necessary. Though Italy alone could not have frightened France very much so long as Spain was friendly, the Franco victory gives the threat real substance. Hitler has announced his firm support of Italy if war breaks out, but at the same time he has expressed a desire for peace by accommodation. He continues to be ready to stand by his promise to seek no further territory in the west if peace is maintained, but he will regard France as the aggressor if she does not surrender to Mussolini, and will withdraw all promises if war actually comes. Hitler at the same time seeks his own tidbit of appeasement. He wants the pre-war German colonies back and will get them by force if necessary. The fact that in his Reichstag speech he did not mention his ambitions to the East conveys the feeling that he is keeping a free hand to help his ally.

Meanwhile the war crisis will become more lowering. Italy will be unyielding; her demands will stiffen. Britain and France, on the basis of their agreements with Hitler to settle all disputes by conference, will ask him to restrain his partner in the axis. Hitler and Mussolini will reluctantly show their desire for peace by agreeing to confer. Chamberlain, with his passion for "appeasement," will try to reach a compromise. France will be haunted by the specter of British neutrality if she declines to make concessions. Are Jibuti, Tunisia and the rest really worth the sacrifice of plunging Europe into war? In the end Mussolini will get most of what he now wants, without fighting. He will make a shrewd judgment as to how far he can press the French. Hitler will get the credit of being a peacemaker; the French and British people will welcome Daladier and Chamberlain back with a sigh of relief. And that will be all until next time.

No doubt the British and French Foreign Offices—assuming them capable of thought at all—have been hoping that when, according to their policy, Franco did win in Spain, Mussolini would be satisfied with his victory of prestige and would withdraw his troops. They also hoped that Germany would not remain, and that Franco would turn to British and French capital to sustain and develop his regime. It is most unlikely, however, that any of these things will happen. Italy and Germany can make too good use of Spanish resources, material and military, meekly to bow themselves out. They have submarine and air bases in Spain. Franco's aims are not internal alone and, like the other dictators, he will be driven to consolidate his domestic support by external adventure. Before long he will be a firm adherent of the "anti-Communist" alliance.

Thus the moral weakness of the European so-called "democracies" prepares one surrender after another. Munich led to the defeat of democracy in Spain in more than a political sense. The end of the Czecho-Slovak republic and the extension of German control over Skoda deprived the Loyalists of one of their principal sources of munitions. The British Tories and the French conservatives, consistently using Hitler and Mussolini as an offset to democracy and socialism, are rapidly digging their own graves. Stubbornly they refuse to see the point. It is inconceivable that if they were ready to do so even yet, they would have believed Mussolini's transparently mendacious promises and would have continued so long to deny the Spanish Loyalists the right to import munitions.

How much longer will their fatuous policy continue? Will France, even at this late day, rouse herself and decline to fall into the new trap? The risk in doing so is far greater now than it would have been in any of the previous crises. It is possible that Hitler and Mussolini would have fought if France had been firm at Munich. It is more possible that they will fight now if France declines to make substantial concessions. The next time, if war is avoided now, they will be still more ready to fight. On the other hand, the more concessions are made, the more they have to fight with, and the more likely they are to defeat their enemies. A continuance of appeasement does not make war less certain in the end; a long enough continuance will make almost certain a victory for the new war lords.

Let's Investigate Insurance

EVER SINCE THE LAST CONGRESS, the joint committee it created to investigate monopolies and other features of our national economy has promised the country a full examination of our life-insurance companies. It was to be right out in the open, so that the 60,000,000 policy-holders could see for themselves what has been done with the $27,000,000,000 they have entrusted to the insurance-company directors. The committee turned the preparatory work over to the Securities and Exchange Commission, which received for this purpose a portion of the $500,000 fund appropriated by Con-

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questionnaires to the insurance companies, and put its agents to work on the files of the biggest one, Metropolitan Life.

On January 21, the Associated Press reported that Congress was planning to wind up the joint committee's work promptly, for the reputed purpose of enacting monopoly legislation this session. But legislation on the limited subject of what the committee has publicly discussed to date is in no wise incompatible with continuance of public hearings on the far greater areas it has not yet touched. Whether the authors of the plan to kill further hearings are muddled or disingenuous, one result of the murder would be to silence the insurance investigation before it starts. The Securities and Exchange Commission has since courageously announced its readiness to produce the facts about the insurance companies whenever the committee shall decide to hold hearings.

Apparently, contending forces are at work behind the scenes, one to protect insurance managers from their policy-holders by pulling down the blinds on the insurance-company windows, the other to protect the policy-holders by letting them see what is being kept in the dark room. For the small sum spent on this phase of the investigation, they are likely to see more than enough to make them want a great deal more. But to get to the inner closets will take at least one or two million dollars for investigation. The sum seems large. It is small when compared with the millions the insurance managements lose annually, and with the tens of millions they annually overcharge their most necessitous policy-holders for interest, and all their policy-holders for premiums. Above all, the latter want to be sure that their $27,000,000,000 investment in insurance will not be impaired, and a million or two for this purpose is an infinitesimally small premium to pay for insurance against insurance managements.

It would be well also for the country to be looking ahead. So much is at stake that careful consideration should be given, concurrently with the public hearings, to the question of what we are going to do about life insurance. This is especially necessary because of the danger that even after the completion of a first-class investigation, much of its fruits may be innocently thrown away by the investigators. This was demonstrated in last year's investigation by the Securities and Exchange Commission into the silence of leading financial figures about Richard Whitney's misdeeds. The Commission conducted a first-rate inquiry and wrote a valuable report on the facts. But in a concluding section, and in less formal ballyhoo, it came close to whitewashing the New York Stock Exchange for the future, and to picturing the grim gentlemen in that hard-as-nails market place as little Lord Fauntleroys. Of course, it was all due to the Securities and Exchange Commission's well intentioned but naïve policy of fraternizing with the Exchange.

This ultra-red warning signal set up by the very commission which is now charged with, and competent to conduct, the insurance investigation, makes it more necessary to consider long in advance what we are to do if and after the inquiry is permitted to run its full course. One thing we should not do. We should not rely on the oft-repeated cure, more state regulation. It will be found that too many of the state authorities charged with supervision of these companies in the past have been either venal or inadequate. The big interstate, indeed international, insurance companies are far too powerful for them.

Of the many other possible remedies, four deserve early mention. One is federal regulation. This is the least we must do, if the vast life-insurance funds remain under private control and in Gargantuan companies. An alternative is to break up, if this be practicable, the overswollen companies, those with hundreds of millions of dollars, even billions of dollars, in the hands of small coteries. Senator Truman of Missouri said in Congress a year ago that it would be far better to have 4,000 insurance companies with $1,000,000 each than one Metropolitan Life with $4,000,000,000. Either in conjunction with such a program of dissolution or, if it proves impracticable, in lieu of it, the savings-bank life-insurance plan inaugurated by Louis D. Brandeis in Massachusetts should be authorized in all the states; only the heavy hand of the big insurance companies has choked it off hitherto. Consideration might also be given to the possibility of government insurance, on somewhat the same principle under which postal-savings facilities are provided.

Meanwhile it is important to remember that the efforts to block, to curtail and to end the insurance investigation itself will continue, in secret, with the help of every tool that insurance managers can command, through resort to the almost limitless funds entrusted to them by the policy-holders.

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The Power of the Purse

Power in a capitalist society is basically the power of the purse. Things get done because money is spent. Furthermore, one kind of spending traditionally controls all other kinds—the spending of capitalists in search of profits determines whether and to what extent the common man will have money to spend to satisfy his needs and gratify his whims.

This simple relationship—so obvious that it is frequently overlooked—gives the capitalists a death grip on the life of society. In the accepted patterns of thought, what Thurman Arnold calls the folklore of capitalism, the situation appears in a peculiarly inverted form. Capitalists are thought of as the benefactors of society. Profits are their reward for spending their money in a way that gives the rest of us a chance to live. If we elect a government which interferes with their conduct of affairs we are ingrates and the diminution in their spending which follows brings upon us our just punishment in the form of low incomes, unemployment and insecurity. If we want an improvement we should restore the capitalists' confidence in us, turn out the offending government and return to the paths of gratitude.

In the last few years, however, a curious thing has happened. We have discovered that our government can spend and give us jobs just as well as any capitalist and, what's more, that we don't have to promise it a big reward for coming across. Or rather we have proved it without quite discovering it yet. The capitalists, of course, don't believe that it's true. They have an odd way of looking at such things; when the government does for nothing what they would like to do for a profit, a tremendous waste has occurred. And they are now engaged in a frantic effort to convince us that they are right. The scribes and high priests of capitalism are all being pressed into urgent service to save us from financial sin and, incidentally, from the realization of what we have already proved. What do they tell us?

First, they tell us that the government is really not like them but rather like us. If they borrow money to spend giving us jobs, everything is fine. They are engaged in raising capital which is productive for all of future time. But if we borrow money to spend on our needs, we are incurring debt and will have to skimp and save at a later date or else disgrace ourselves by going into bankruptcy. The government, they say, is in the same boat as we are. Now actually they are right only to the extent that they have preëmpted all the productive ways of spending money. That they really have done no such thing and never intend to is sufficiently obvious to anyone who will take the trouble to go through the slum sections of an American city. We can answer: Is the provision of decent houses for American workers not productive? Is the conservation of our natural resources not productive? (Or is it only the waste of natural resources which is productive?) Is the furnishing of education and protection against accident and disease not productive? By the word "productive" we know that we mean an increase in the real wealth and income of men and women. Do they mean something different?

Second, they tell us that the debt that our government incurs will have to be paid off by our children and our children's children. This is sheer nonsense. No one should know better than the capitalists that debt in a system of double-entry bookkeeping is merely the counterpart of assets, and that debt as a whole could only be paid off if assets as a whole were liquidated. Do they expect our children to liquidate the assets which we leave to them?

In any case, they say, the interest on the debt will have to be paid by our children. This, perhaps, is the burden on future generations which they in their selflessness are so anxious to avoid. Of course our children will have to pay the interest, but our children will also receive the interest. Where is the burden? Perhaps they fear that the problem of collecting taxes to pay the interest will eventually become insoluble. But we can answer that in the future, unlike in the present, those who receive the interest will pay their fair share of the taxes and that the activity of our government will make our children richer and better able to raise a continually larger volume of revenue. Do they really believe that a society which grows richer finds it so difficult to handle a larger bill for interest? We have studied history and know that even if the interest is paid to a foreign country the obligation may be wisely incurred. How much more, then, is this the case when the payment is only a transfer between citizens of the same country!

Third, they tell us that an increasing government debt is the high road to disastrous inflation. Apparently they, too, have been reading a little history, only very selectively and with rare discrimination. They fail to explain why the tremendous increase in private debt which took place in this country between 1900 and 1929 did not produce a runaway inflation. The reason, of course, is that it was merely the reflection of an equally impressive growth in national wealth. And they also fail to explain that all the runaway inflations on record either accompanied or followed a period of war during which national wealth and human resources were both wantonly destroyed. If they think we are planning any new wars they are badly mistaken. The debt of *our* government—unlike the debts of some of *their* former governments—will be used to increase our wealth. Such

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Finally, they reveal their trump. If the government goes on incurring debt, they say, eventually its credit will be exhausted; it will be unable to continue and the whole program will collapse. Ah, yes, good sirs, that might happen. But if it did, it would be because you still control the banks and insurance companies from which our government is obliged to borrow. And it would be your last desperate effort to prevent us from freeing ourselves from your domination. Be assured, we should know how to handle this threat. We should not hesitate to give our government a mandate to take over the banks. In fact some of us already think this would be an excellent idea, and the more you talk about dangers to the government's credit the quicker the idea will spread. No, you cannot convince us that the government's credit is determined by natural laws of economics; it is determined very directly and simply by those who control the banks. The less attention you direct to your control over the banks, the chances are the longer you will be able to preserve it.

The defense of "sound financial principles" with which the capitalists and their spokesmen are so anxious to impress us turns out on analysis to be a tissue of fallacies. It is in reality a defense of their power to determine the conditions on which the rest of us shall live, or, if they choose, starve. But let us not underestimate the persuasive power of their propaganda. In 1931, the Labor Party in England was tragically and needlessly split by just such a campaign over government "economy" and an alleged necessity to preserve the gold standard. The Tories, back in power, abandoned the gold standard a few weeks later, a fact which speaks volumes about the depth of their own devotion to their sacred principles. More recently, the Popular Front in France lost the magnificent momentum of its rise to power by bowing at every turn to the superior financial wisdom of the banks. Lacking the vital power of the purse, Blum and his colleagues compromised the Front into confusion and eventual disintegration.

Every progressive government working within the framework of capitalism must have its financial showdown sooner or later. Signs are not lacking that the New Deal is approaching just such a crisis now. The great question is: will the progressives stand firm, or will they allow their ranks to be split and their real power, the power of government spending, to be sapped by the reactionary propaganda of "sound finance"?

PAUL M. SWEEZY

Will Real Estate Take Over Housing?

IT IS NOT SURPRISING or encouraging that many real-estate men and organizations have announced that they are now convinced of the necessity of slum clearance and rehousing, provided that, as their resolutions read, the new housing is required to be placed on the same cleared slum sites. This is not a miraculous conversion but a clever short-run business policy. Public money is to buy out their holdings in decayed areas, *not* at the real value of the land for its new purpose but at the sum of a now vanished land value plus the cost of decayed buildings which must be torn down at additional cost. Real-estate owners have in the past made money in the slums, and now that they are losing money the city is to bail them out. At the same time, real-estate men go into new undeveloped areas, buy land cheaply and build; the city makes their property accessible and more valuable by following out with roads, transportation systems, utilities. Thus real estate —as a business whole, not generally the same individuals—has twice gained the benefit of unearned increment at the public's expense. But what a hullabaloo if anyone suggests that the city should acquire such new land and get some of these values itself!

Let no one think that I am conjuring up an artificial, abstract, unreal situation for the sake of making a point. In New York City the Housing Authority is being urged to put housing on land costing $3 to $4 per [illegible] on the Lower East Side, while the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is erecting a huge private development in the Bronx on land at about one-fifth of that cost, which will require the city to validate it by the erection of schools and extension of utilities. The difference in land cost means a differential in favor of the private development and against the city of at least $250 in first cost per room, or about $800 a family (equivalent to a 25-percent increase in cost of labor and materials), increasing the public-housing subsidy by some $60 a year per family. The Metropolitan development simply focuses and dramatizes a contrast. The same thing is true of the many small developers who dot the city's outskirts with projects. These are, however, much less integrated and less well planned than the Metropolitan project, which I believe marks a forward step in private planning. While the specific instance is chosen from New York, similar though less extreme situations obtain in our other cities.

But this waste of funds, this unnecessarily high cost per person housed, is only the first of the series of evils inherent in high-price slum rehousing. The present and growing shortage of low-rental housing of any kind at all is as serious a factor as the inadequacy of present housing. By tearing down existing quarters before we provide a working surplus of new quarters we accentuate this shortage, we tend to drive up the rentals of those low-income people not fortunate enough to get into the new public housing—again not bad for real estate.

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Further, in order to minimize the effect of high land costs, two things are being advocated and done. First, we step up the number of rooms and people per acre to a point of congestion sometimes higher than the old congestion. While large-scale planning permits this without the atrocious dark holes of rooms of the old 25-foot buildings, such densities will rehouse our stabilizing population on a fraction of the well located land available, thus creating a new problem of derelict land and a newly decaying city. The only benefit is to the relatively few real-estate owners who own the land used. The detriment is to the large body of real-estate holders, and to the city plan as a whole, as the new pattern of density and layout is not determined by best adaptation to function, but by a fortuitous mosaic of property prices whose sole justification lies in the past.

The second effort to minimize high land costs is by lowering building costs. There are valid arguments for lowering building costs, such as that the public burden per family is less and that more houses can be built. The building industry needs immediate research to enable it to coördinate and apply many technological improvements which will result in lower costs. But now argument for lower labor costs and lower standards is being coupled with the land question. It has been urged that as long as the total cost is within the limit of public-housing laws, it is not important what proportion goes into land and what into building!

It is only too likely that slum-land rehousing at high costs will be made mandatory by legislatures. The ironical reason is that the magic formula is not only used by real estate for its own professional and short-sighted purpose, but that some of the most disinterested and even fanatical friends of housing are pushing the same formula. The City Planning Commission of New York has announced that it too advocates this formula for the present at least, when as a matter of fact a real shortage—a recent survey in New York City shows the dangerously low vacancy average of only 2.3 percent—makes this time particularly inopportune. The cause of housing has made such rapid strides in so short a time that many of its most sincere proponents have failed to think this particular problem through; they have been so disgusted with the slum that they passionately want to see some of it removed immediately. I implore them to think this thing through, to realize that for a relatively small present demonstration they are willing to stand for a policy so expensive that it will be self-defeating and hamper a proper city plan. They are jeopardizing the people's ultimate welfare for their own esthetic and moral satisfaction. The United States Housing Authority sees the problem clearly and attempts valiantly to steer a proper course. But it is now virtually alone.

Though in the short view it is not apparent, this tyranny of obsolete land prices can destroy the city, can effectively destroy the real-estate values that still remain. Borsodiesque hamlets are one answer. Trailers without roots in land or community are another. Fantastic solutions, yes—but to a fantastically imposed problem.

What positive answer is there to the dilemma? One is accused of either being purely negative, or of advocating peripheral "outlying" developments where new utilities are required at extra expense, etc. But I have already shown that we are permitting and encouraging precisely such development by private enterprise. Moreover, the haphazard development of all our cities has left many large areas relatively undeveloped, in many instances in or near slums or blighted areas where transportation and utilities already exist, adjacent to industry. Such areas can be purchased at much lower prices than developed slum land. We can afford to develop them at densities that are determined by city-planning functions, not by unrealistic land prices. By developing them we can add the necessary dwellings so as to avoid the accumulating evils of shortage. In such areas our depleted municipal treasuries can hope to provide the parks that they cannot afford on the built-up areas.

I don't believe slum areas should be permanently abandoned, but their development is a second stage. In many cases parts of these areas are usable for other purposes, either higher-cost housing (as in the Sutton Place and Greenwich Village areas in New York), or for business or industry. For the rest of the areas, however, public authorities should not be permitted to pay much more than for other equally suitable land.

Where are the housing-subsidy funds to come from? Will it be a consumers' tax that comes largely out of the pockets of those who need public housing, or will it be some form of graded tax such as income and inheritance or salary tax? During the early stages, with a relatively small program, this question has not been so vital. But the moment the program assumes a significant size—and it must eventually involve upwards of one-third of our population—it becomes of primary importance. Real-estate men have already realized it by the insertion of a clause in the New York State constitutional amendment which in effect bars the use of real-estate taxes for housing subsidies. Let us be equally alert.

At the present meeting of New York State's legislature to implement the Housing Amendment, and in New York City's next few years of public-housing development, all of these questions will come up for action. What New York does will vitally affect its own future existence and, by example, the future of housing and city planning over the whole nation. We must rouse the public mind—I refer to the important body of opinion which, while not expert in any particular line, does have a grasp of political and economic realities—to the realization that this isn't just a battle over details, but that these policy decisions will either mold housing into a genuine instrument for the rebuilding of our cities and our lives or will simply reset patterns whose illogicalities have brought us into our present difficulties.

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"Hey, Rube!"

The Associated Farmers and The New Deal

OUT IN CALIFORNIA there exists an organization called the Associated Farmers. That is an innocent and friendly sounding title. It brings up visions of the honest yeoman pausing at the end of the furrow to talk to his neighboring honest yeoman about their common problems. In fact, however, the Associated Farmers is nothing of this sort. It is a big-business group which is supported by railroads, public-utility companies and allied institutions. Among them, according to official records of the California State Railroad Commission, are the Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, Western Pacific, Union Pacific, Pacific Gas and Electric Company and Southern California Gas Company. In so far as it is directed by farmers, they are the heads of big corporate entities that practise a type of agriculture hardly found outside California.

Miller and Lux, for example, are farmers of this variety. They own 178,000 acres of land and have heavy investments in irrigation companies and other enterprises. California Lands, Inc., is another such farmer; Moody estimates its ranches at $8,500,000. Technically, the heads of "machine farms" like these are agriculturists, but as this writer well knows from long years of residence in California and from many subsequent visits to the state, their outlook, habits of mind and emotional loyalties are as far as possible from those of a farmer in Iowa with 320 acres of corn, or a dairyman in upstate New York who gets along with one hired man. These California "farmers" employ many thousands of workers, some permanently, some on a seasonal basis. They pay low wages and want to keep them low. They object violently to efforts to unionize their workers, and "violently" is the right word. They are strongly sympathetic with anti-union employers in the big cities, including the Pacific Coast steamship lines and warehouse owners who have had trouble with sailors and longshoremen.

Out of this attitude, within the past few years, has developed a situation that every American citizen ought to know about and ponder. The Associated Farmers has become an extreme Red-baiting group. It has taken an active part, directly or indirectly, in the various agricultural strikes in California, among the vegetable growers in the Imperial Valley, the lettuce workers at Salinas, and elsewhere. It has interested itself, moreover, in the union-labor situation in San Francisco and some of its activities are not creditable. According to a statement by the Simon Lubin Society, its general outlook and policies have been highly [illegible]. Sponsored in part from Wall Street the AF in turn the Deutscher Weckruf und Beobachter, edited by Fritz Kuhn, they say that "on vigilantism depends the salvation of the Republic"—meaning the American Republic. They go on to say that "the informed Associated Farmers of California are already promoting a nationwide organization of American vigilantes—a *posse comitatus*—specific legalization of vigilantism in a determined effort to save the Republic."

How widespread and ruthless these efforts of the Associated Farmers and their friends have been, we are only just finding out. Through a happy accident, the past few months have seen an overturn of two highly corrupt political machines in California, the state government at Sacramento and the municipal government in the worst open-shop town in the country, Los Angeles. The result has been to expose a good many activities about which the public knew nothing and was intended to know nothing. Throughout California, state, county and municipal officials have been working cheek by jowl with the Associated Farmers. Harper Knowles of this organization, who testified before the Dies Committee, gave evidence regarding alleged radical activities in the labor movement. If this material was genuine, I do not see how it could have been obtained except by means of espionage. An important state official was quoted in The San Francisco News as having boasted that spies of his got into trade unions and some of them went to jail with other strikers.

The Associated Farmers, moreover, has itself spread beyond the boundaries of California. It has sponsored anti-union measures in all three Pacific Coast states, measures which, through county or statewide legislation, would greatly hamper if not destroy the right of trade unions to organize, bargain collectively and go on strike. One state—Oregon—adopted the reactionary anti-picketing law at the election last November. Now, the Associated Farmers are coming East. They have sent their agents into the Middle West, to Minnesota and Wisconsin, and have even made contacts as far east as Pennsylvania. This is a very natural development: the AF from its beginning has represented finance-capitalism, which is at least national and sometimes international in its operation. The group has long been in touch with many kindred spirits throughout the country: Red-witch-burners, union haters, anti-New Deal forces. There is the best of reasons to believe that its relations with the National Association of Manufacturers are warm and close.

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is "TNT," the initials of The Neutral Thousands. This body might be described as the League of Women Shoppers in reverse. It is neutral in the struggle between capital and labor only in the sense that it doesn't care who defeats labor. Its female members are like granddaughters of the dear old ladies of the DAR. My California friends tell me that they pledge themselves to boycott firms whose workers have been organized, especially by the CIO; they hear scarifying reports about one communist under every bed, and the like.

For the first few years of its life, the AF made little effort to put any reality behind its name. In recent months, however, it has evidently decided that it ought to get some actual dirt farmers as a façade for its activities, and an intensive membership drive has been started, along the usual lines of the-communists-are-at-our-gates. I believe the Association claims 100,000 members at dues which begin at $1 a month and rise in proportion to the farmer's annual payroll. Californians express a good deal of skepticism about the membership roll, and suggest that people are rarely dropped for non-payment of dues.

My California informants say that in addition to "TNT," the AF either sponsors or coöperates closely with numerous other organizations, including the California Citizens' Association, the California Crusaders, Women of the Pacific, Southern Californians, Inc., and the Committee of Forty-Three. Recently it has created a "white list" of truckmen—who are of course hostile to union labor—and seeks to persuade its members to boycott everyone not on the list.

The roster of aims of the Association is revealing. It opposes the closed shop and the hiring hall. It attacks the wages-and-hours law and—at the least—insists that all agricultural workers should be exempted, including those engaged in producing, processing and marketing farm products. It has demanded repeal of the National Labor Relations Act. It has fought relief for unemployed migratory workers through the Farm Security Administration; obviously, you can drive a better bargain with a fruit picker who is on the edge of starvation. At one time the AF planned to boycott San Francisco solely because the city is a strong trade-union center. Presumably in exchange for donations from the railroads, it opposed the railroads' six-hour day, the full-crew proposal and the limit of seventy cars in a freight train. The AF is firmly in favor of sales taxes which bear more heavily on the poor than the rich. It opposes the Hull reciprocal-trade policy and payments to farmers under the AAA. (Some of its members receive such payments, but through mass-production methods they can undersell the small farmer and still make a profit, and their primary interest is that of banking groups which prefer to see agriculture left to sink or swim alone.)

The AF was behind the notorious Mendocino County law under which trade-union organizers must pay $10 for a license and renew it every three months. The County Board of Supervisors can refuse to grant or renew a license on almost any pretext. This movement is spreading to other California counties, and it is worth noting that out of thirty county officials over the state who wrote to inquire about the ordinance, not one addressed Mendocino County officials. Every letter went to the Associated Farmers.

I submit that the foregoing facts are fairly serious; but they do not constitute the whole story. For some months the United States Senate Civil Liberties Committee, headed by Senator Robert La Follette, has been investigating the state of civil liberties on the West Coast and the Associated Farmers. It is rumored in California that these investigators have unearthed some startling information about the intermittent reign of terror on the Pacific Coast and the men behind it. As a result, terrific pressure has been brought on the Senate to stop the La Follette Committee by refusing to give it any more money. Some Congressmen would prefer to appropriate large funds for the Dies Committee, which is far more a friend to the Associated Farmers than its enemy.

In addition to the useful work of the La Follette Committee, Washington has another shot in its locker. There is a federal statute against conspiring to violate civil liberties—the same statute under which Harlan County, Kentucky, was recently cleaned up. We have today a young, able and energetic Attorney General, Frank Murphy, who believes in those quaint anachronisms, free speech and freedom of action under the Wagner Act. There is plenty of evidence to justify proceedings on the Pacific Coast, beginning with a federal grand jury.

Another good reason for acting in the Far West was pointed out vigorously the other day to federal officials by dynamic young Howard Costigan of the Commonwealth Federation of the State of Washington. In 1940 the New Deal, with all its hopes for the future of our democracy, will go on trial in this country, not merely in the election, but in the Democratic nominating convention. If both parties nominate conservatives, the New Dealers will be out in the cold. But even if the Democratic candidate is of the Roosevelt school, the election will still be precarious. True, the South will either vote Democratic or at worst some of the voters will stay home from the polls, but most of the Northeast is likely to return to its historic Republicanism. In order to win, the Democrats must therefore carry the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States and the progressive-minded northern tier of the Middle West.

Broadly speaking, in all these states progressives of no strong party affiliation hold the balance of power. They were for Roosevelt in 1936. They will be for him or his choice in 1940 if they can be assured that the

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New Deal means business and is not just giving lip-service to progressivism. They have been disheartened by several things, one of which is that Mr. Roosevelt permits the machine-minded Mr. Farley to ladle out federal patronage to crooked Democratic politicians all over the West, men as anti-New Deal as any of the conservative Southerners. The Western progressives are concerned lest the conservation principles for which they have fought for generations should be whittled away, either by reactionary Democrats or reactionary Republicans, after 1940. They would like some sign from the Great White Father in Washington. There could be no better one than for the government to hit hard, as it has the right and the power to do, at the present invasion of civil liberties in California and other states. I suggest that even a man as busy as the President can well afford to take time to think it over.

BRUCE BLIVEN

Hitler Takes a New Pilot

THOSE WHO KNOW the life stories of Hjalmar Schacht and Walter Funk, his successor as president of the German Reichsbank, are amused by the interpretation most foreign writers have put upon the substitution: that a rather conservatively minded banker of the "liberalistic" school has been replaced by a real "old-line" Nazi. Dr. Schacht, it is true, has never been a member of the Nazi Party as Mr. Funk has. But a comparison of the careers of the new president and the old shows that they think alike.

Until 1930 Walter Funk, like Dr. Schacht, was a strong supporter of the private capitalist system. He had not the faintest idea of joining the young Hitler movement. He had no anti-Jewish sentiments; on the contrary, he maintained friendly relations with many Jewish colleagues writing for the financial press of Berlin. He was a member and, I think, a vice-president of the board of the Financial Writers' Association. When one of Funk's associates, a Jewish editor of a very liberal paper, celebrated his fiftieth birthday, Funk published a warm, appreciative article in the Berliner Boersen-Zeitung, and sent his friend a personal letter of congratulation. In it he expressed the hope that the editor "might remain at work in his responsible and influential office for a long time to come, to the benefit of the German economy and the German press."

Funk would never have joined the National Socialist Party, before Adolf Hitler came to power, if the publisher of the Berliner Boersen-Zeitung had not fired him. This happened after the discovery that Funk, who has always been a smart business man, had attempted to sell the Berliner Boersen-Zeitung, without the knowledge of its publisher, to a competitor, the Jewish-owned Berliner Boersen-Courier.

Dr. Schacht, the capitalist democrat, became a sympathizer with the movement because he fought unsuccessfully with the republican government over the execution of the Young Plan. Mr. Funk joined the Nazis because he couldn't find any other job which paid so well. The National-Socialists offered Mr. Funk the place of their original economic adviser, Gottfried Feder, party member No. 5. The Nazis had grown weary of Feder's "interest slavery" (*Zinsknechtschafts*) dogma; his anti-capitalist philosophy estranged the leaders of heavy industry. Hitler and his associates felt Funk's friendship with financiers would reëstablish Nazi prestige with industry and bring the donations the Party so badly needed. I believe that if, at this time, any other political or economic association, even the Jewish Association of Department Stores, had offered Mr. Funk more than the 40,000 he was receiving, he would have accepted it with dispatch.

Why have the Nazis replaced Dr. Schacht with Mr. Funk? What will the consequences of the shift be? The two men's lives and the way in which each became connected with the National-Socialist Party indicates, I believe, the best answer to these questions.

I have no desire to glorify the character or the policies of Dr. Schacht. But I must acknowledge that his affiliation with the Nazi regime has never been able to wipe out his reliance on his own judgment or weaken his fundamental monetary and economic convictions. These led him to the conclusion that a country like Germany cannot survive, in a rational system of world economics, without soundly controlled finances and carefully cultivated trade relations. Dr. Schacht remained with the Nazis, after the revolution, because he hoped to mitigate their economic lunacies and to "prevent the worst from happening." He was the only one of Hitler's civilian officials and advisers who dared tell him the truth—to warn him of the destructive consequences of his political actions.

Mr. Funk originally shared many of Dr. Schacht's economic opinions, but he never has shown and never will show any of Schacht's fearlessness. Funk joined the Party simply because he had lost a job and needed a new one. He is a politician without political convictions; an economist without an independent economic conception; a rubber stamp who will have to carry out whatever his Führer prescribes.

Mr. Funk is quite a clever man who will give a clever performance. But even the most skillful execution of destructive policies cannot finally have productive results. German economic policies demand an

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enormous amount of executive skill. I know Mr. Funk well, and I should not describe him as a technical genius. He will be forced to depend not only on the political dictates of Hitler, but also on the technical advice of his subordinates. Of these, Brinkmann, Funk's deputy in the Ministry of Economics and vice-president of the Reichsbank, seems to be the most original and energetic.

Dr. Schacht performed his job well. He did not subscribe completely to the economic policy of the Nazis, but he created the technical devices these policies made necessary: the artificial system of exchange, trade and production control, the barter-trade arrangements and the method of depreciating German foreign loans to the disadvantage of the foreign creditors. He did his job so well that, for a certain time, the Nazis were enabled to operate even more successfully than Dr. Schacht desired. Partly for this reason he could not reach his goal of a cleverly balanced compromise between the planned and the free economy.

Dr. Schacht's star fell when, without his knowledge, the Four Year Plan was inaugurated. Goering replaced Schacht as the economic dictator. Funk later took Schacht's place as the Minister of Economics, and Schacht remained temporarily as president of the Reichsbank. In the German system of state socialism, however, the president of the Reichsbank has no more than a bookkeeping job. He has almost nothing to say about the economic machine as a whole.

Last year Dr. Schacht, as president of the Reichsbank, won a concession which seemed important. The infamous system of meeting the government's surplus expenditures by special "exchange bills of secret debt" was discontinued. Instead the surpluses had to be supported in an intermediary manner by so-called "delivery certificates" with a maturity of only six months, which could not be discounted at the Reichsbank. Ultimately they had to be covered by taxes and long-term loans. Dr. Schacht obviously believed that these devices, restricting the means of financing government debt, would force a reduction in government expenditures. But his scheme failed. As the following table shows, the currency in circulation and exchange bills increased very sharply in 1938:

Bills of Exchange		*Currency in Circulation*	
(000,000 omitted)			
December, 1933	3,225	December, 1933	3,645
December, 1934	4,065	December, 1934	3,900
December, 1935	4,551	December, 1935	4,285
December, 1936	5,509	December, 1936	4,980
December, 1937	6,131	December, 1937	5,492
December, 1938	8,244	December, 1938	8,222

The reason is clear. If the creation of discountable special-exchange bills is forbidden, issue of long-term loans must be forced; and if the public does not absorb the whole amounts of these long-term debts, the underwriting banks must take them over. This was the case with the last great issue of 1,500,000,000 "Reichsanleihe" Marks, of which 400,000,000 remained in the banks' hands.

To avoid dangerous illiquidity, the banks had to discount other assets—exchange bills of private debtors or special-exchange bills of previous government issues. In effect this is exactly the same as if the Reich had issued further discountable "exchange bills of secret debt." The whole thing is not a matter of Reichsbank policy but a manipulation of Reichbank bookkeeping.

This is why Dr. Schacht has been deposed: he was totally deprived of his influence on the economic and financial policy of the government, yet at the same time he was expected to obtain for Germany all those advantages which could only accrue from rational internal policy and foreign relations. He was expected to do the impossible. And although in America and England he was called a "financial wizard," he could not work miracles.

Common opinion has it that Dr. Schacht's dismissal will remove the last brakes of economic orthodoxy from the German economic dynamo; that complete leeway will now be given to inflationary and irrational tendencies. It may be so, but Funk, if he desires, can maintain a certain measure of economic conservatism more easily than could Dr. Schacht. Schacht's name, and the policy of moderation with which it was associated, were bitterly fought by the Nazi extremists long after Dr. Schacht's influence over the German economy had been removed. Mr. Funk, his successor, is no fighter, but he will meet much less opposition from the extremists. And his policies may be much the same.

FRANZ RAINER

Recessional

Under this moon
The trees write silence, ragged, down the ridge,
Except where oral hyphens, small as bird-throats, bridge
Soundlessness to sound,
And things of spirit to the things of ground.
Nothing is important save
Meditation in this grave
Questioning calm, under this moon.
Nothing else is really strong or brave
Or marginal upon whatever's ultimate.
A thing happens: no matter how much weight
Of good or density of evil it tentatively carries,
Time, in its own good time, parries
The thing—and there it lies.
Great nations tauten muscles, expand chests, strike, wheeze
And collapse. This silence written in trees
Is hardly more anomalous than wise.
Nothing is important but to suspend,
Intangible, in this suspension without end,
Under this moon.

LE GARDE S. DOUGHTY

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Shoot the Works

Muffled Musketry

DURING THE STATE ELECTION in New York last year there was a whispering campaign against Governor Herbert Lehman and his running mate Charles Poletti. The slogan which was passed around by word of mouth and printed on surreptitious leaflets was "Vote the American way." When a play under that title was announced, I anticipated that it would be a ringing answer to all the implications of prejudice contained in the phrase. It is an answer, but to my ear it does not ring. The mark of caution is all over the big spectacle which George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart have written for Mr. Rockefeller's big Center Theatre.

The reviews have been enthusiastic. In fact in certain quarters the praise has been so warm that I think the playwrights really should go into a period of self-examination to decide whether they have actually preached a candid and courageous sermon on the subject of patriotism. Hundred-percent patriots are traditionally and justly, I believe, suspected of too much protestation. And a work of art designed to inspire both Liberty Leaguers and liberals may well cover too much territory for coherence.

It seems to me that there should be a definite point of view in any play which is frankly designed as propaganda. Merely to say, "I am against all 'isms'," constitutes a negation rather than a rousing affirmation. Patriotism itself is an "ism."

Even the most enthusiastic critics of "The American Way" express the opinion that it is a less competent job than Noel Coward's "Cavalcade." Mr. Coward was frankly and openly chauvinistic and he celebrated the glory of an empire which at the moment was functioning on all cylinders.

My own extreme dislike toward the Hart-Kaufman chronicle is based in part upon purely technical grounds. I liked "Cavalcade" as an entertainment even though its moral was repugnant. But at least it had a moral lined and underlined. The lesson which the spectator is supposed to draw from "The American Way" is decidedly vague. People in opposite aisles might quite possibly be whooping it up for the play for reasons which were mutually exclusive.

I doubt if any fine play should be all things to all men. And as far as I can see, the authors in this case have wrapped themselves so deep in the folds of the flag that their own political philosophy is hidden entirely from sight by the wrapper. Patriotism can be the first refuge of a dramatist bereft of an idea.

It may be held that I am not a good American if I protest that it is not enough to write over and over again, "I love my country," like a schoolboy kept in for tardiness. Patriotism, like love, may take many forms. John L. Lewis loves America and so does Tom Girdler, according to the press reports, but this hardly makes them brothers under the skin.

Since "The American Way" undertakes to give us an outline of the American scene from the days of McKinley down into the New Deal, I think it should take a position on such modern problems as labor, anti-Semitism, the New Deal, democracy and fascism. I did not catch any reference whatsoever to anti-Semitism. The problem of labor is dismissed with a scene in which the employees of a furniture factory speak of their boss as a good guy who pays time and a half for overtime and furnishes free beer. The sight of the happy toilers scrambling back to the factory upon the suggestion of free beer is hardly one which will inspire many trade-unionists to get up on their hind legs and turn cartwheels.

As far as fascism goes, the authors have dealt with it, but somewhat gingerly. I am told that until just before the opening the scene at which the old immigrant is killed was definitely identified as a Nazi meeting by the fact that he was trodden underfoot after pulling a swastika down from the wall. Now merely a single line, "You're a German, aren't you?" serves to mark the nature of the rally at which the hero dies. Indeed one of the veteran reviewers said in his notice that Martin Gunther came to his death at the hands of "radicals."

I gravely suspect that Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart were minded to let the thing be indefinite so that any partisan can fasten the villainy on any group whatsoever of which he happens to disapprove.

In the case of the attitude toward Roosevelt and the New Deal I think it is even more necessary that the playwrights should be asked to make up their minds and declare their side. There is an exciting scene picturing a run on a small-town bank. A playwright, of course, has a right to dramatic license, but I think history is harshly dealt with when the suggestion is advanced that the collapse of America's financial structure in the last days of Hoover was caused wholly by mass hysteria. When the benevolent banker who is the co-hero with the benevolent furniture manufacturer stands at the door of his institution and says, "My bank is perfectly solvent," he is by all later indications indulging in a euphemism.

Following the crash of the banks the audience in the next scene hears the voice of Roosevelt while the curtain is still down. The passage is possibly from the first inaugural. If so, the authors have spotted unfairly and undramatically a speech which is likely to stand in American history as the most influential oration ever delivered in this country. The first-night audience did not know whether to laugh or applaud because they were in doubt as to whether or not the dramatists intended to be satirical. It would seem to me as if that were the intent, for after a sentence about the money-changers having been driven from the temple the curtain rose to reveal a group of WPA workers leaning on shovels. That was a big belly laugh for the mink and ermine trade. Still I don't think it would have been more humorous if the same supers had been used to picture a breadline.

Mr. Kaufman once coined the superb pun, "One man's Mede is another man's Persian." The same can be said of brands of patriotism. "The American Way," to my mind, is a pageant which confuses patriotism with Hearsting the flag.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

Sharecroppers' Security

THE WHITE-SUPREMACY, COTTON-IS-KING Southerners in Congress are sniffing at the trail of the Farm Security Administration. Probably their real hope is to smear Mr. Roosevelt. At any rate, they call the FSA subversive, and bring two main accusations against it. One is that it proposes to set up hosiery factories in five subsistence-homestead projects. Some weeks ago this plan was denounced by Mr. R. N. Elliott, acting Comptroller-General and former lame-duck Republican Congressman, and the cry is now being taken up by the Southerners. A rider attached to the WPA deficiency bill, subsequently voted down, would have barred the program by law. The other attack springs from the sharecroppers' demonstration last month on Routes 60 and 61 in New Madrid County, Missouri, where shivering, hungry families exhibited themselves, a sort of specimen social ulcer, to frightened motorists. The leader of that demonstration, Mr. Owen H. Whitefield, Negro part-time preacher, is a tenant at the nearby FSA coöperative farm at La Forge. Great pressure is being put on the FSA to discipline him.

The hosiery-mills program of the FSA is a highly imaginative experiment. Far back in the misty beginning of the New Deal, readers may recall that subsistence homesteads were to be the hope of America. Families were each to have a plot of ground and raise much of their food, while a husband or big brother or sister earned cash money in a factory. One of these projects, Arthurdale, had Mrs. Roosevelt's particular enthusiasm. Nine of them have survived, and have been inherited by the FSA. Up to now, they have been a ticklish problem. Government officials have been unwilling to let them become attached to out-and-out commercial enterprises for fear they would be turned into company towns. A tractor plant has been found for Arthurdale, and other industries for three more projects, but in each case elaborate special arrangements have been needed.

The hosiery-mill program, which is to be set up at the five remaining homesteads, constitutes what it is hoped will be a permanent solution. It creates an original kind of worker-employer relationship. It is the company town turned almost upside down, and is the inspiration of FSA officials and Mr. Arthur Paul, vice-president of the Dexdale Hosiery Mills, of Lansdale, Pennsylvania. In a company town, the corporation owns everything, and the workers are serfs. Mr. Paul has agreed to a contract under which the homestead dwellers, the workers, are to own the factory, and to have a substantial, although not a majority, ownership in the operating company. The Dexdale concern will have the normal responsibilities of management, together with the practical necessity of treating the workers justly.

The La Forge coöperative, of which Mr. Whitefield is tenant, is a wholly agricultural project, a 6,700-acre plantation. The hundred families at La Forge each have their own tracts of land, but all must follow a communal crop plan. Tools are owned by groups of families. A cotton gin, store and sawmill are owned collectively by the whole colony. FSA officials take what seems to me a sensible attitude toward Whitefield. January and February are the slack months for cotton growing. If Whitefield chooses to spend the time urging sharecroppers to camp along highways, that is his affair. The FSA is only concerned that he should be back at La Forge, ready for work, by March 1.

During the last Congress, members of the liberal bloc spent endless hours discussing strategy for the present session. Because of the Southern leadership of the House, they were deprived of the committee memberships to which they felt their loyalty to the New Deal entitled them. They meant to descend on Washington this year with fists flying and fight their way into the great committees in which most of the business of the House is done. The November election decimated their ranks, and their plan is dead. Despite the defeat of Mr. John J. O'Connor in the purge, the new Rules Committee is more thoroughly anti-Roosevelt than it was at the last session.

From his large, profitable advertising experience, curly-headed Mr. Bruce Barton invented the slogan: "Repeal a Law a Week." It had a success in the anti-New Deal press, which claimed Mr. Barton as a realistic fellow. A few days ago, Mr. Barton introduced a bill to abolish the National Emergency Council, which he alleged was no more than a false-front for 290 pro-Roosevelt press agents. Mr. Westbrook Pegler sprang to his side, calling the supposed regiment of press agents a threat to a free press and a step toward totalitarianism. The easily available fact is that the NEC has a grand total of only 268 employees, of whom only 102 are in Washington. Fifty-eight operate a unified press-clipping service, which, at great saving to the taxpayers, supplants the separate departmental clipping services of Mr. Hoover's time. Nineteen carry on the United States Information Service, which, among multitudinous other chores, recently answered three hundred inquiries a day from business men about the wages-and-hours law. The NEC workers outside Washington perform its real function, which is to provide liaison between federal agencies and state legislatures. At present, for example, the NEC is aiding the United States Housing Authority in the circulation of model state-housing laws. Throughout the NEC there is just one press agent. He sends out periodical tabulations of New Deal spending divided by states, to the newspapers, and also provides electrically transcribed records for local broadcasting stations describing the most recent emergency agencies.

The first American Labor Party man ever to sit in Congress is short, dark, preternaturally brilliant Vito Marcantonio, from the Upper East Side of New York City. Mr. Marcantonio won his seat from an old political enemy, a Tammany Democrat, Mr. James J. Lanzetta. As an American Labor Party member, Mr. Marcantonio was a fiery supporter of Mr. Roosevelt in the election, and had, or so his friends thought, a right to the administration's gratitude. In his district, Puerto Ricans hold the balance of power. A few days ago, word came from Puerto Rico that Governor Winship had named Mr. Lanzetta special agent of the island, at a $10,000 salary, to be paid from General [illegible]

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that Mr. Lanzetta will be able to claim credit for whatever is done by Congress for Puerto Ricans, either in the island or in Manhattan. It will enable him to build fences in anticipation of running against Mr. Marcantonio in 1940. The administration's explanation is that the defense of Puerto Rico's interests in Congress is an exacting task, and that the official island representative, Señor Iglesias, needs help. Some light is thrown on Mr. Lanzetta's appointment by the fact that, last spring, he broke away from Mr. John J. O'Connor's leadership and voted for the reorganization bill, the only Tammany Democrat to do so.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

It's the Girl Friend

AMERICA has a new sweetheart. She is La Guerre. There are so many things we would not think of doing for ourselves. But perhaps we could be induced to do them for La Guerre, our new girl friend.

For instance, we would not think of putting the government any deeper into business. If we did, the business men would be the first to cry out. Paying out millions—even billions—to improvised industries to help employment; subsidizing housing construction to put journeymen back to work—all these things have been denounced by business. But now the president of the Railway Business Association calls upon the government to subsidize the railroads to the extent of $110,000,000 a year. Of course no one would support such a thing as an economic stratagem—Heaven forbid! But for La Guerre—ah, that is another thing. The gentleman tells us the government should do it to make us safe in case of war.

Already we are paying out quite a few millions in subsidies to build up our merchant marine. And why? For La Guerre, bless her heart. And only a few months ago the utility interests—the President's most industrious enemies—met somewhere or other to plan a great program of power expansion on which they would spend a billion and the government a billion or so. And why? For beautiful La Guerre. We must be ready with power when La Guerre calls us.

In other words, it begins to look as if we might start a good old-fashioned boom if we can get Uncle Sam to lay off his more sober occupations and start running around with La Guerre a little more, spending his bank roll on her freely. If we will buy her some big ships and more of them, some airplanes and more of them to hang in her hair, if we will build military roads and fortify islands, and throw machine guns and other jewelry into her lap, we shall kill two birds with one stone, and may be more—we shall produce prosperity and, what with thinking on the beautiful La Guerre, we shall get out minds off our troubles.

A Washington report intimates that sentiment is growing in administration circles for the discontinuance of the monopoly investigation. The reason given in the newspapers is that the investigation has not been doing enough to justify the appropriation of $500,000 which was passed at this session as a result of the investigation. But this is not the real reason. The monopoly investigation has not been doing so well. There really hasn't been much about monopoly yet. And, indeed, there really has been nothing as yet of any consequence outside of the patent stories told in the first weeks. Besides, the monopoly investigation has never been a very harmonious affair. It is a grave question whether any very large part of the people who have been dominating it so far really want to do anything about monopoly. We were assured that this was to be a careful, factual, scientific study of the subject and all its related fields and that it would probably consume two years. But now before anything has been brought to light we hear talk of ending the investigation.

It would be very unfair to make any extended comment on Mr. Harry Hopkins' proposed policies in his new office until he has outlined those policies. But at least two circumstances call for notice. From the beginning of this administration the National Business Advisory Council in the Department of Commerce has been an outstanding example of the presidential policy of appeasement. We used to be told that it was without influence, that it was merely one of Dan Roper's pets. But Dan Roper is gone. Mr. Harry Hopkins is in. And we are told that this Business Advisory Council is to be continued and strengthened. It was a grave mistake from the beginning to bring a group of business men, most of them reactionary, into the administration with a quasi-legal status "to chart our future economic course," as we were told when it was organized. It is still a grave mistake. The other fact, now announced, is the appointment of Professor Willard Thorp as economic adviser to the Secretary. Mr. Thorp is on leave from Dun and Bradstreet. It is a fundamentally wrong-headed policy to be taking from big business its employees "on leave" as advisers to the government. And Mr. Thorp has given sufficient evidence of the direction of his thinking to warn a man of Mr. Hopkins' views that he does not belong in his department.

The sudden jolt to the stock market last week has been attributed to European war scares and foreign selling on the New York Stock Exchange. That explanation oversimplifies the incident. It is all a little veiled in mystery thus far, but the decline was due to a mixture of forces, as nearly as I can make out.

European selling beyond a doubt touched off the decline. Who was doing the selling, however, remains a mystery, for it originated in orders routed through London. It has seemed to me that the selling was far more serious than is implied in the mere phrase "European selling." It may well have come from the Italian government itself selling American securities taken by the government under deposit from its nationals. If this is a correct assumption, then it indicates a beginning of an attempt to accumulate cash balances here to buy war materials before spring. However, this is a mere assumption.

But the market was due for a little weakness. The rise in business has failed to develop. Moreover, in spite of the demand for a reduction of federal expenditures, there are plenty of stockholders who fear that a reduction might be at-

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Let the economic royalist rail as he will, nothing would be more apt to make him willing to buy a few more shares at a few points up than a good generous government spending policy.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Delectable Mountains

THERE IS SOMETHING about the English language as spoken by the Irish which almost makes a play by itself and surely makes music. It is a bit too late now to point out how the overlaid melodrama of "The Plow and the Stars," as a written exercise, becomes something else when it is made a play on the stage by people who have not only the sort of good brogue you would want to be cutting into slices for toast, but the gay, reckless work of lung and heart that goes with it.

Paul Vincent Carroll's "White Steed" has been overplayed by the intelligent, naturally. From the title, anybody with common contemporary sense would expect the instalment to fade on the cry of "high-o Silver!"—but the intelligent seldom have time for such common business because it is up to them to be nothing if not knowing, and such as know can tell you that the drama in Ireland has always been dramatic and often quite Irish indeed. The white-steed idea comes from a legend with which the story has little or no real connection—except during certain moments in the last two acts when the author is out on a limb. The steed should as a matter of fact be turned out to pasture with the horses, because it is greatly symbolic and those who write for posterity could tell you that a symbol is worse than useless luggage unless it is called in to make evident what simple words cannot express—it can never, that is, be a somehow deep and somehow beautiful expression all by itself (somehow).

But while it is no great play, there is some great life in it, in the easy, casual way of people coming in and walking around and grousing about their problems. The plot could be laid almost anywhere and in any faith, for it merely puts the hardness, zeal and thin blood of moral reform up against old wisdom and understanding rough kindness—which last qualities, in the person of the old Canon, win out finally. Secondary to this conflict there is the revolt of youth against authority, with a young couple in defiance of the old wives and even the oppressive immanence of the Church itself (mostly developed in the second act, where the use of symbols serves largely to put the actors in the awkward position of having to look rapt). After that, there is quite a lot of good light on the Catholic Church as universal father, on its human foundation and means and aim—though ideally, for the general cards are certainly stacked in the particular instance. And after that it is mostly Barry Fitzgerald.

It isn't that it is so difficult for Mr. Fitzgerald to do—though you should remember that he has only one scene where he is not anchored to a cripple's chair—and, after all, the difficult in acting must always carry a hint of Dr. Johnson's walking dog. It is just that the part as written and understood is so appealing in its human vitality that you would be willing to get up and put a boot in someone's pants for him when he growls because he is not able, which is true illusion. He is mad, [illegible] easy theatre contrasts of bulldozing and foolish, tender heart, his transcendent faith and lust for cream and sweet butter, his cholers and knowledge of them and everything else, and his crowning gift for invective, by which he'd have you respect his cloth or give you a good god damn where it would do you the most good—and preferably both.

But in the theatre a part can be no more than indicated: it becomes likable only when the crafty actor puts the life on it and the depth of belief into it, and holds it clear of lights, props and stage boards by the sheer gift in him and experience of projecting it. The cast is generally all right; the vigilance committee is fine in caricature; and George Coulouris carries the difficult business of extremist and foil out of the region of stage villainy and into an understandable life of its own. But Fitzgerald is the people's choice without their quite knowing what he's done to them, with his actor's intelligence about deliberate pauses and catches and cock of the head, his spacing and wedging in of every scrap thrown him so that no line is wasted even in the semi-hysterical hoo-hoo of the assembled ladies of a matinée audience. It's his show and God bless him.

Somehow the gift of speech is not Maxwell Anderson or any other artifex, and is not to be acquired; but where it is found at its natural and poetic best it is implicitly dramatic. If our poets today go from elegant to fierce with never a moment not a dull moment, it is not the language that is to blame, for the language is there in all its theatre jump for those who can take it. It needed a good heart and a good visual mind to work up "The White Steed" (directed, incidentally, by the Abbey Theatre's Hugh Hunt). But the more you go over how much might be all wrong with it and still realize how all is right with it, the more you begin to think that what you have to be today—and like all generalities this is an exaggeration and only fractionally true—the more you begin to think that what you've got to be to write a good one for the stage today, is Irish.

French movies pass for more than their face value here, partly because they are more French than English could be and also partly because their camera equipment is so absurdly primitive you couldn't say what it was if it wasn't art. "Heart of Paris" is a fairly simple bit of drama and not too fastidious about clichés: its story develops around the solid bourgeois juror who took an acquitted murderess into his shop and home; and the stock French mother, ingenue, son and toughy are in it at the proper points. It was made out of very little on very little and apparently went on location during the September rains. Yet its honest details from life and the marvelous character sketch of Raimu (remember that as the mayor in "Carnet de Bal" he almost stopped the projection machines) stretch it out into a comfortable and rather gay evening.

The Irish haven't a corner on the theatre, for outside of Russia there isn't a country today where the body of acting tradition can be relied on to give so much to a play or picture as it can in France. The girl Michèle Morgan is lovely in the breathless style; but as the central character here Raimu is so much the fumbling and human but serene good spirit as to hold all together in interest and belief. He should for such services be hereby discovered, decorated and chatted as an honorary new range in the Delecta-

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The Bandwagon

Charles Caraway opposed the appointment (Felix Frankfurter to the Supreme Court) "because it will make other aliens think they can come over here and get good jobs, too." – *From a news item in The New York Times.*

"Hoofs and Halos of 1939" will be presented at All Saints' Episcopal Church, January 18, by the Rector's Aid, Circle 3.

Advertised as "Washington's only church nite club," the show will feature songs, skits, a "gorgeous" mixed chorus and a male fashion show. – *From a news item in The Washington Post.*

"I love people, that's why I have fun." . . . Turning to this country, Miss Maxwell says she "doesn't like Republicans very much, hates Democrats and could boil all New Dealers in oil.

"We're safe as long as we can clean our own house of hate and communism," she said. – *From an interview with Elsa Maxwell printed in The San Francisco Chronicle.*

Held for questioning were Willie Bullion, 30, and Jeff Dunn, 28, who gave Phoenix addresses, and Dannie Maye, 26, of Tucson.

Bullion and Dunn were jailed late Wednesday afternoon on charges of selling small signs and obscene drawings without having first obtained a city license. – *News item from The Tucson Daily Citizen.*

Captain B. J. Daly, defending, pleading for leniency for Edwards, declared that he was a good soldier.

"I submit that a man about to live with another man's wife is not in a mental condition to appreciate whether or not he is committing a crime," said Captain Daly.

Sentence will be promulgated. – *From a news item in The Evening Standard, London, quoted in The New Statesman.*

Whatever Became of Sacco and Vanzetti?

The pardon of Tom Mooney will be generally approved. Twenty-five years in prison have given him ample time to repent and has also shown that political and propaganda pressure in America is not always as powerful as it seems. There never was any real question as to Mooney's guilt, probably. At least in New England it is impossible to convict in a case of public uproar unless the evidence is overwhelming, and we presume the condition is the same in California. – *From an editorial in The Bennington, Vermont, Evening Banner.*

Sporting-Proposition Department

Mr. Ross declared that "nothing could shake my faith in this man Hitler, whom I love, whose genius I admire.

"You cannot explain faith," he continued. "It is something you cannot put in words. I just ask you to wait and see—wait and see what will come out of this new Germany. Something happened you did not expect. Something more may happen you do not expect." – *Colin Ross, in a speech defending Hitler before the Foreign Policy Association, quoted in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

A Communication

What Are the Socialists Doing?

SIR: Harry Laidler, chairman of the New York State Socialist Party, announces that the New York Socialists will not attempt to regain their place on the ballot, lost in last fall's election, but will apply as individuals for membership in the American Labor Party. A chapter closes with this decision taken by a referendum of the New York membership. It is a chapter of fierce struggle, studded with names famous in the history of the radical and labor movement. For thirty-eight years . . . New York's political scenery has been frequently shifted by the colorful activities of the Socialists. Hillquit's sensational campaign for the mayoralty in 1917, the election and subsequent ousting of the Socialist assemblymen in 1920, the various campaigns of Norman Thomas in the state and city—these served to keep politicians of both old parties very much aware of the uproarious presence of those "damned Socialists." What now becomes of the Socialists in the city where their strength has always been greatest, their influence most considerable?

It would be foolish even for a lifelong practitioner of political socialism to deny the possibility of the complete dissolution of the Party so far as New York is concerned. The writer, however, who first joined the Party in 1911, does not believe that anything so drastic will take place. It may be wishful thinking, but it may well be that a release, temporarily at any rate, from the pressures of what increasingly proved to be futile political campaigning will give the Party a breathing-spell that will be all to its good.

Socialists happen to be tenacious, to some offensively so, in their adherence to their philosophy. In many liberal quarters this gives them an unhappy reputation for tight-lipped dogmatism. In the last New York election, for example, Socialists were bitterly criticized by progressives, liberals and Communists for going it alone. Their critics did not, or would not, understand that the aim of Socialists is to abolish capitalism and that when the New York laborites entered into deals with capitalist Republicans and capitalist Democrats, the Socialists could not go along and still be Socialists.

It is this damfool tenacity, however, that may see the Party through its present crisis and bring it out reinvigorated. The chances are that the New York Socialists will stick together as an organized unit devoted to the promulgation of socialism along educational and economic lines. Individually they will function as disciplined members of the

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The New York situation aside, is there any need for a Socialist organization in what appears to be an incorrigibly capitalist America? In view of the indifference, frequently the active hostility, of the labor movement to the Socialist program, why continue the struggle? Why not accept, as the Communists accept, New Deal reformism as the best of all possible means for the remaking of the worst of all possible worlds, and do some quiet, Arabic tent-folding? Doubtless there will be some faint-hearted among the present Socialist membership who will agree to this. But if a long and honorable record of devotion to principle means anything, the overwhelming majority of the Socialists will stick. And they will have good reasons for sticking.

To begin with, the validity of the fundamental plank of the Socialist program, socialization of the productive and distributive processes, is daily verified. The most heroic of the New Deal's efforts to grapple with the central problems of production have failed to check continued collapse of the present system. There is a growing conviction among all classes that measures far more drastic than any yet proposed in Washington are required to put us on our economic feet. The danger is that these measures may be counsels of despair. They may not have the trappings of fascism but they will be The Thing in fact. Those who love democracy must have their alternative to an indigenous fascism ready for the time of decision. That alternative is socialism. There is no other.

Among liberals this seems a naïve oversimplification. They are all writing books contending that what we have here is not really capitalism but rather an admixture of public and private enterprise and that through "gradualism" we shall arrive at the happy state of a balanced economy, with the free play of the acquisitive instinct coexistent with the altruism of public measures for the common good.

The lion-and-the-lamb theory collapses with a dull squdge whenever it is taken outdoors in America. Try to apply it to whatever key industry you pick, coal, electricity, the railroads. Inevitably you find so fierce an opposition on the part of the private owners, even to mild governmental control, as to send the liberal forces running for the hurricane cellars with loud protestations that they meant no harm.

It becomes the business of Socialists through agitation, education and organization to present a definite, clear-cut program for the resumption of production. Vagueness has lost them almost as many followers as has their supposed extremism. For Socialists to adopt the liberal formula of somehow muddling through, once the desideratum of ownership is achieved, is the most piffling sort of economic escapism.

Where else than in the organized Socialist movement does one find any effective opposition to those sinister forces which would put this country into war? Whether the warmongers come in the name of "collective security," defensive rearmament or hemisphere defense, they are still war-mongers and will be stopped by no bemused pacifist gesturings. . . . Socialism has proved to be long-lived and resilient. It is a philosophy which will not lightly be abandoned by those who still have faith in the fundamental decency and common sense of the rank and file. American socialism is by no means through. It is starting a new chapter.

Fairlawn-Radburn, N. J. MC ALISTER COLEMAN

Correspondence

Catholics and the Embargo

SIR: Perhaps out of consideration for a relatively pious family, perhaps out of pure cowardice, I never broke formally even in my own mind with the Catholic Church—until yesterday. Consequently, I was present at the Sunday service at which this appeal for Rebel Spain was made throughout the Philadelphia area, and perhaps, for all I know, nationally.

What I object to is not so much the Catholic Church's decision to uphold the Loyalist embargo, as its presentation of that decision to its members. Were they invited to a mass meeting to discuss the situation? Were they given literature by reliable students of the subject? No! They filed into church and were handed down from above a statement of the archbishop's ideas on the subject and then "in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost" the Neutrality law and proposed changes were "explained" to them.

Were they reminded that the Neutrality Act was not invoked in the case of the undeclared war in the Orient? Or that none was applied to the papal-sanctioned conquest of Ethiopia? Was it called to their attention that Franco is getting all the arms he needs from Italy and Germany—who are free to buy from us? No! They were told that in upholding the present neutrality law they were preserving "strict and complete" neutrality and keeping this country from becoming involved in war with either side—tragic as it would be if "defender-of-the-slaughterers" who are receiving so much aid from their red brothers in the United States. Not once in this masterly misstatement of the facts were the real issues of the war itself or our relations to it brought out of hiding.

This church of my fathers wields a tremendous influence over the illiterate, over indifferent middle-class families who find it simpler to accept the word of that institution than to think for themselves, over the thousands of children educated in its school systems. Whatever hidden point of policy makes a papacy (which can't possibly believe all the twaddle it hands out about communism) cling to a program formulated in the first frantic days of the Soviets, the Catholic Church of America could become a force for democracy. I appeal to even the faintest pink liberals within its folds to think on these things and make themselves heard before their religious institution replaces the American Legion as the chief force driving toward American and world fascism.

Philadelphia, Pa. K. L.

A Troubled Communist

SIR: I realize that to use your columns to point out to Max Lerner and to your readers that the Soviet Union, judged by the humanist criteria of "It Is Later Than You Think," has the most significant culture in the world today lays me open to the charge of being a Communist—which I am. Nevertheless

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finds to a greater extent than elsewhere: "joy in work"; "intelligent use of leisure"; "mass artistic enjoyment"; "the career open to talent"; "the encouragement of cultural autonomy and cultural divergences"; "sexual equality"; "gentleness and care for children"; "values set upon physical health and beauty"; "the sense of collective unity"; "fundamental respect for science and rational thought."

It is, I think, significant that Mr. Lerner nowhere admits this, still more significant that his repression of such an admission was probably unconscious. Writers such as Mr. Lerner—and I greatly admire both him and his work—are evidently subconsciously afraid to praise, except with the most judicious measure and qualification, the Soviet Union.

Communists, on the other hand, often refuse to admit what a writer such as Mr. Lerner cogently urges against the Soviet Union. Mr. Lerner says that Russia would be better off if there were more opportunity for free expression of opinion. Then, he believes, there would not be so great a danger of misuse of power, of sedition and sabotage, of the inhibiting of the qualitative achievements of creative artists. I believe that many American Communists agree with Mr. Lerner here, as I do; that they err politically in supposing that they help communism in Russia—or Communists in America—by suppressing their agreement with Mr. Lerner's criticism because they understand why freedom of expression is limited in Russia and because they believe agreement with him would help the barons of opinion who consistently misrepresent Russia.

I should like to see Communists frankly admit errors made in Russia or in our country when they are made (we do admit errors when they have been corrected), openly criticize mistakes when they are committed, through the medium of the American left-wing press and through the parliamentary machinery (there but too infrequently used) of the Communist International. I should like to see the "militant democrats" more frankly enthusiastic for the incontestable achievements of Russia—which are all the more deserving of praise when one considers the difficulties under which they were achieved.

It would interest me greatly to read what the Mumfords and Lerners of America think of my comments and to know whether there are Communists who also feel as I do.

Chicago, Ill. WALTER WOOSTER

Footnote to Mr. Flynn

SIR: Mr. Flynn's column in your issue of January 18 indicates, I think, that there is much less disagreement between him and the authors of "An Economic Program for American Democracy" than his earlier column had led me to believe.

We entirely agree with Mr. Flynn that the government's investment activities should be wealth-producing and, in so far as practicable, revenue-producing. For many kinds of services, however, it is not practicable to charge specific prices, though they are no less a part of the community's real income on that account. Investments which yield this type of service can be undertaken only by the government; but they are just as legitimate and stimulating to the rest of the economy as any other kind of investment. I think Mr. Flynn greatly underrates the real wealth-producing qualities of the WPA, housing, conservation, etc.

Mr. Flynn seems still to misunderstand our argument about the so-called debt "burden." Given a sufficient volume of investment and consumption, plus continued technological progress, the national income will steadily rise. Under such circumstances, whatever assumption is made about the holding of government bonds, increased interest charges can easily be met out of higher tax revenues. I am glad Mr. Flynn agrees with us that there is [illegible] section of paying off the debt as a whole

To Save Southern Democracy

SIR: The Committee to Uphold Southern Democracy has been formed to aid the Southern Organizing Committee of the Farmers' Educational and Coöperative Union in their aggressive fight to win suffrage for the impoverished farmers of the South and to improve the living standards of the most depressed and exploited section of the population. The South is the real battleground of the sharpening struggle between reaction and democracy. As Dr. H. C. Nixon has pointed out, the Southern whites and Negroes will not much longer accept their lot in life quiescently.

In the South it is indeed later than anyone thinks. Here more than half the nation's farmers, deprived of the benefits of the New Deal by their own supposed representatives in Washington, are growing desperate for a way out. There is need for education, for organization, for struggle on the economic front to wipe out the racial and religious prejudices on which fascism feeds. . . .

To aid in the fight, the committee needs sponsors to endorse our efforts publicly; it needs members who will pledge regular contributions to keep the organization alive; it needs cash donations to support the work in the South. Communications and contributions should be sent to Janet Welt, Suite 1002, 51 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

ROBERT SMITH, Chairman
New York City Committee to Uphold Southern Democracy

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Lewis Davis of New York City believes that stockholders of large corporations should have representation of their own choosing. He would divide the country into twenty regions, each containing 10,000 stockholders. The ten largest non-corporate stockholders in each region would become nominees for the office of stockholders' representative. Once his representative had been elected, an individual stockholder in any region could do the following with his proxy: return it for voting by his regional representative, vote in person, designate some other proxy or protest by inaction. Mr. Davis believes that his proposal would be a step "in the right direction for the achievement of economic democracy."

The statement by Frank R. Kent, recently, that Labor's Non-Partisan League is "a paper organization," prompted E. L. Oliver of the LNPL into vigorous response. Unfortunately, his letter is much too long to print in our pages. Mr. Oliver quoted at length from Mr. Kent's books, "The Great Game of Politics" and "Political Behavior," to show what little respect the author once had for the impartiality of the press. Mr. Oliver's clear implication is that Mr. Kent is engaged in the kind of journalism he once so warmly condemned. . . . An American League to Combat Anti-Semitism has been formed. Its offices are at 270 Broadway, New York City. . . . Brendan Sexton of New York City picks up Heywood Broun on an error by implication in his January 11 column. Mr. Broun, discussing the attitudes of America's policemen toward pickets, referred to the maltreatment of Newspaper Guild pickets in "Socialist Milwaukee." But, as Mr. Sexton points out, the Police Department of "Socialist Milwaukee" is under control of the state of Wisconsin.

Roger Greene, chairman of the American Committee for Non-Participation in Japanese Aggression, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York City, sends an appeal for money to help the work of his organization. It is endeavoring to "inform the American public of the part we are playing in Japanese aggression, and to translate American disapproval into action for stopping this aid."

W. B. Arbaugh of Highland Park, Michigan, commends Professor Schuman's articles on "The Tory Dialectic" (Decem-

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Some Letters After 1848

"Bloss Dadurch, Dass Man Sich Independent *Hält"*

THE PRESENT WRITER has lately been reproached by the Left for taking refuge in an Emersonian individualism at a time when the fate of civilization depends on concerted action. The answer is that for one not primarily either an organizer or a politician, it is foolish to go through the gestures of playing a role in radical movements at a time when the existing left-wing parties are either antiquated, corrupt or academic, at a time when there is nothing useful that a professional writer can do for them except to criticize their fundamental ideas. And criticism that is to have any value must come, at the present time, not from one faction against the others, but from a point of view outside the factions, a point of view for which, at present, each can only depend on himself.

It is interesting in this connection to remember a letter written by Friedrich Engels to Karl Marx during the reaction which followed the failure of the revolutions of 1848. As this letter, so far as I know, has never, except for brief quotations, been translated, I give it at length below. At the time it was written, February 13, 1851, a new commercial boom was already under way, and Marx and Engels had been forced to recognize that no further wave of revolt could be expected till the next serious economic crisis. The old movements were breaking up, petering out. The first paragraph, omitted below, indicates Engels's dissatisfaction both with the leaders of the English Chartist movement, of whom the Harney mentioned was one, and with the German leaders of the Communist League in the roles which they were playing in exile. Marx had just written Engels (February 11, 1851) that he was "much pleased with the public and authentic isolation in which we find ourselves now, you and I. It perfectly corresponds with our principles and our position. The system of reciprocal concessions, of half-measures tolerated only in order to keep up appearances, and the obligation to share in public with all these asses in the general absurdity of the party—all that is done with now."

It is to be noted in the third paragraph below that Engels is there conceiving historical processes quite differently from those converts to Marxism who assume that the progressive *élan vital* of the Marxist Dialectic is easily to be identified with the program of some revolutionary party and that a simple adherence to this program and an acquiescence in whatever courses are laid down by the party chiefs will eventually bring these believers, as the reward of their loyalty and faith, to the head of the social procession, when the automatic dialectical machinery shall have turned the whole thing around. Engels here seems actually to regard as preferable the position of the relatively detached student and the catastrophic conditions of revolution as a demoralizing, if inevitable, fate. Of course in 1851, it was Marx and Engels themselves who were guarding the Ark of the Covenant containing the Dialectic; but the political situation is much the same, and one did not need to be a dialectical materialist to see the great popular movements of history in the terms in which Engels describes them here.

I have added some passages from the remarkable letters written by Flaubert to Maxime du Camp in June-July, 1852, less than a year and a half after this interchange between Marx and Engels. The states of mind expressed in these letters are naturally not here put forward as appropriate for all writers at all times. But it seems to me that just at present when the reaction abroad makes it important for Americans to think for themselves, such counsels of solitary diligence and moral self-dependence are very much to the point. It is curious to see the similarity between the responses to the same historical situation of a great revolutionary political thinker and a great traditional literary artist.

In Engels's letter, I have put in italics the words and passages that are in English in the original. Words which he wishes to emphasize I have spaced in the German style.

Dear Marx, . . .

This idiocy and tactlessness of Harney's have annoyed me personally more than anything else whatever. *Au fond* of course it makes no difference.

We have now got a chance again at last—for the first time in a long while—to show that we need no popularity, no *support*, from any party whatever of any country whatever, and that our position is totally independent of all such shabby considerations. From now on we are responsible for ourselves alone, and when the moment comes when these gentlemen find they need us, we shall be in a situation to be able to dictate our own terms. Till that time we shall at least have peace. To tell the truth, even a certain loneliness —*mon Dieu*, I've had it already for three months here in Manchester and got accustomed to it, and with a *bachelor's* life, besides, which—here, at least—is terribly dull. And we really haven't much reason for complaining that the *petits grands hommes* are shy of us; haven't we for God knows how many years been pretending that Tom, Dick and Harry were our party, when we really haven't had any party and when the people who, at least officially, we counted as belonging to our party, *sous réserve de les appeler des bêtes incorrigibles entre nous*, didn't understand even the rudiments of what we were getting at? How can people like us, who avoid official positions like the plague, ever find ourselves at home in a "party"? We have always spat on popularity and we have always become doubtful of ourselves as soon as we began to be popular, so what should we do with a "party," that is, with a collection of asses, who swear by us because they take us for asses like themselves? Truly it is no great loss if we don't figure any more as the "correct and complete expression" of these half-witted idiots, with whom we've been thrown these last years.

A revolution is a real natural phenomenon, which is governed by physical laws rather than by the rules which determine the development of society during ordinary periods. Or rather, in revolution these rules take on a more pronouncedly physical character, the material force of necessity comes into play with greater violence. And from the moment one figures as the representative of a party, one is swept away into the whirlpool of irresistible natural necessity. Only in so far as one keeps oneself *independent* so that one is more revolutionary actually than the others, can one escape at least for a time becoming involved in that whirlpool—for finally, of course, one will oneself be carried down into it like the others.

This position we can and we must maintain when the next of these affairs occurs. Not only no public office

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but even as long as possible no official position in the party, no sitting on committees, etc., no responsibility for asses, pitiless criticism for all, and along with this that cheerful serenity, of which the conspiracy of all the dunces combined will be powerless to deprive us. And this we are able to do. Essentially, we can in this way be a great deal more revolutionary than the phrase-makers, because we have succeeded in learning something, whereas they have learned nothing, because we know what we want whereas they know nothing, and *because, after what we have seen for the last three years, we shall take it a great deal more coolly than anyone who has an interest in the business.*

The principal thing for the moment is: some way of getting our ideas into print—either by means of a quarterly, in which we can attack directly and make our position clear to definite persons, or in substantial books, in which we accomplish the same purpose without being under the necessity of even mentioning any of these spiders. Either way is satisfactory to me: in the long run and as the reaction becomes worse, it seems to me that the opportunities for the first of these courses will decrease and that the second will come more and more to be the method to which we shall have to resort. What will be the use of all the idiotic stories that the whole crew of émigrés together will ever be able to circulate against you when you answer them with your Political Economy?

I'll get after the letter to Harney tomorrow. *En attendant salut.* Yours, F. E.

[Gustave Flaubert to Maxime du Camp]

Croisset, 1852 [June 26]

My dear friend,

You seem to have a nervous tic about me—or maybe it's an alibi for yourself. It doesn't annoy me, you needn't be afraid: I fixed on my course long ago.

I'll simply tell you that all these words you use: *hurry up, this is the moment, it is time, the place already filled, get yourself established, outside the law,* are an absolutely meaningless vocabulary for me: you might just as well be talking to an Algonquin. Don't understand a word.

Arrive—at what? At the position of MM. Murger, Feuillet, Monselet, etc., Arsène Houssaye, Taxile Delord, Hippolyte Lucas and seventy-two more of the same species? No, thanks.

Getting oneself known is not what is uppermost in my mind—that's something which can satisfy completely only a vanity of the most mediocre kind. And even if one is successful in this way, can one ever be sure of oneself? The most overwhelming celebrity you can attain never really slakes your thirst and you almost always die still unsure of your own renown—that is, unless you're a fool. So that fame doesn't grade you in your own eyes any more than obscurity does.

I am aiming at something better: to please myself. Success, from my point of view, is a result, not a goal. Now I've been marching toward that goal, and for a long time now, it seems to me, without ever stumbling for a step or stopping beside the road to pay my court to the ladies or to fall asleep on the greensward. After all, phantom for phantom, I prefer the bigger one.

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me die like a dog rather than hurry a single second a phrase that isn't ripe.

I've got in my head a way of writing and a kind of felicity of language which I want to realize. When I decide I've really plucked the apricot, I don't refuse to sell it nor to have people applaud if it's good. But till then I don't want to cheat the public, that's all.

If in the meantime the season is over and nobody wants any apricots any more, so much the worse for me. I can assure you that I heartily wish my facility were a good deal greater, my work lighter and my profits larger. But I don't see anything to do about it.

It may be that in commercial affairs there are occasions that are specially favorable, special markets for certain products, a transitory appetite on the part of the consumer which makes the stock of rubber go up or Indian prints sell at higher prices. That people who want to turn out those things should be in a hurry to set up their factories, I can perfectly understand. But if your work of art is good, if it is *true*, it will be given its echo, its place—in six months, in six years, or after you've disappeared, what difference does it make? . . .

As for your deploring so bitterly the neutralizing effect of my life, it's like reproaching a shoemaker for making shoes, a blacksmith for hammering his iron or an artist for living in his attic. As I work from one o'clock in the afternoon to one o'clock in the morning *every day* only stopping between six and eight, I hardly see what I could do with the rest of my time. . . .

And let me advise you, my friend: let the water run by. As for me, I don't care a snap whether literary quarrels are revived or whether they aren't revived; I don't give a damn whether Augier has a success or not, and I don't give a good goddam whether Vacquerir and Ponsard spread their shoulders so wide that they don't leave any room for me, and I haven't the slightest intention of troubling them to make them move over.

On which I embrace you.

[Croisset, beginning of July, 1852]

My dear fellow,

I'm distressed that you should be so sensitive. Far from having intended to hurt your feelings, I'd made a special effort not to. I'd done my best, as they say in rhetoric, to keep inside the limits of my subject. . . .

You announce a literary renascence, but I deny it, because for the life of me I can't see at present a single new man or a single original book or an idea which isn't already threadbare (they string along at the tail of the masters just as they used to do). They still keep on chewing the cud of the old esthetic and humanitarian chestnuts. I don't deny the good will of the present-day youth to create a school for themselves, but I defy them to succeed in doing it—I'd be happy to have myself proved wrong because I'd profit by it.

As for *my post* as a man of letters. I'll gladly give it up to you—I'll gladly walk out of the sentry-box with my gun under my arm. I entirely disclaim the honor of such a title or such a mission. Quite frankly, I'm simply a bourgeois who lives a retired life in the country, occupying myself with literature and asking nothing of anybody else:

be able to get along without my lights; and in return I only ask that they won't poison me with the fumes of their candles—that's why I keep out of their way.

As for *helping them*, I shall never refuse to be of service in any way at all. I'd willingly jump into the water to rescue a good line of verse or a good phrase, no matter whom it was written by; but I don't consider on that account that humanity really needs me any more than I need it. . . .

You and I are no longer following the same road, we are not sailing in the same boat. May God bring each of us to the place he wants to go! I am headed, not for port, but the high seas; and if I'm shipwrecked, you don't need to mourn for me. Yours, . . .

EDMUND WILSON

Books in Review

Postview

NOW THAT the new publishing season is getting under way, I feel qualms about the books of last season that we mentioned not at all or too briefly. Here are notes on four of them, by way of atonement.

"In Search of Soviet Gold" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75) is the story of an American mining engineer who spent ten years in Siberia with the Soviet Gold Trust. Demaree Bess helped him to write the book; he is a newspaper correspondent who can't return to Moscow. The engineer himself, John D. Littlepage, is a good Republican who thinks that Communists are crazy; nevertheless he worked with them successfully and he loves the Russian land. On two points his testimony is important. In the first place, he makes us feel that the Five Year Plan was a second revolution that affected more people, and affected them even more profoundly, than the great revolution of 1917. He shows its first results in little matters like the price of eggs: at Kochkar in 1928 they were selling at a hundred for a ruble; in 1929 they cost a ruble apiece, if you could find them. But he also describes it on a larger scale, showing that the Five Year Plan led to a national crisis, which in turn led to a civil war fought inside the Communist Party. In the second place, he tells the story of industrial sabotage from the standpoint of a disinterested American observer. It was part of the political battle raging around him, and Littlepage saw exactly how it worked. In Berlin he kept Yuri Pyatakov from buying inferior machinery at an exorbitant price. At Kalata in the Urals, he narrowly missed being assassinated by the saboteurs as a reward for increasing production. Better than any other American who has written on the subject, he makes you understand the background of the Moscow trials.

"Toulouse-Lautrec," by Gerstle Mack (Knopf, $5), has for its subject one of the strangest artists who ever painted a fast woman or a bang-tailed horse. Henri-Marie-Raymond de Toulouse-Lautrec-Monfa was descended from some of the oldest families in France, but his grotesquely crippled body—he was only four feet six inches tall, with a great head, bulging eyes and legs no bigger than a woman's arms—made it impossible for him to lead his father's life of a country gentleman. At twenty, he established himself in Montmartre, and there he spent the rest of his days and nights, except when he was in an asylum recovering from acute alcoholism. His paintings are the best existing record of the Parisian half world of [illegible] bawdy houses, its pimps, prostitutes and poets. Historically they are the link between Degas, whom he admired and imitated, and Picasso, whose early work might almost have been signed by Toulouse-Lautrec. The author of this first complete biography in English has done a fine piece of research, collecting all the information he could find in books and magazines (and quoting it at length), besides interviewing many of the artist's surviving friends. The trouble is that he doesn't know how to organize his material. It is all there—the pictures (in black and white reproductions), the songs, the playbills, even the menus of Toulouse-Lautrec's favorite restaurants—but with the facts arranged as if in a filing cabinet. The work of bringing them alive, the creative work, is left to the reader.

When I started "The Happy Island" (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), I thought it was going to be as good as "Vile Bodies" or "Antic Hay." It is a novel about café society and a famous singer—a sort of Dwight Fiske in a Schiaparelli gown—who falls out of love and into it again, then loses her job, then loses her man. The first hundred pages are funny as Dawn Powell's conversation is funny—vivid, outrageous, crazy, but making, if you stop to think of it, a bitter good sense. The bitterness seems to grow as the story continues, till finally it destroys Miss Powell's interest in what she is writing. The novel disintegrates into a series of scenes, all nicely done but separate and static, like a movie film snipped into sections.

Yet even in the last fifty pages, there is one short chapter that is pretty nearly superb. It is the story of how an old bachelor died at one of his own parties after it had turned into an assembly of all the wrong people, a social disaster—"the last twenty names on the least exclusive list, meant to be lost among celebrities, and here they were, exposed to the naked eye." When they carried Dol Lloyd into his bedroom and laid him among the silver foxes and sables of his guests, nobody cried but the pretty blond boy he had been keeping. "I won't hush," he sobbed. "You—none of you were good enough for him, that's what! I don't care, he was good, and I was going to tell him about cracking up his car last night, honest I was, I was going to tell him tonight I was sorry. Now he's dead!" And the novel is dead too, having found no word of tenderness except for an ineffectual old fairy.

In reviewing Max Lerner's book, "It Is Later Than You Think," I gave it much less praise than it deserves. The chief point I missed was its inclusiveness; it is a practical handbook of public questions. I have noticed that when in-

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they bring forward no argument that Lerner has overlooked. Perhaps he has mentioned it in a very few words, but those are sure to be illuminating. Take, for example, his statement that "To have great and mature leaders, a culture must have great and mature followers." A whole essay could be written on that theme, and it would explain the folly of "training for leadership" as practised in our colleges. Or again take his remark, "The middle-class mind is singularly permeable to what seem to be successful going concerns. If international violence continues its career of triumph, as it has done in the past five years, the scruples that the middle class may feel toward a violent fascist coup subsidized by the capitalists will have been whittled away." I don't like the expression "permeable to" as directed toward a "going concern." The middle-class mind is not permeable to the Standard Oil Company, but merely impressed by it. Yet the idea expressed here is all-important: it summarizes and explains the actual fascist threat.

The chapter from which both of these remarks are taken is one that I should have discussed at length. It is an argument addressed to those conscientious liberals who fear to exert power, or to have it exerted even in behalf of a democratic government, because they believe that it is inherently and necessarily corrupting. Lerner tells them quite sensibly that power in itself is neither good nor bad; it is "a weapon that may be used for destruction or defense, depending on who wields it or how it is wielded. Power, in short, is what you make it." But the whole chapter should be read, and the eight other chapters as well.

The most oversold and overrated book of 1938 was Margaret Halsey's "With Malice Toward Some." Back in December when we were compiling our list of a hundred notable books, I found that almost everybody in the office had read it—not only the editors, but the whole staff from top to bottom—and yet nobody really liked it. "You read the first fifty pages and you get the point," one of the secretaries said. "After that it's like one of those screamingly funny people who come to see you and never stop talking and don't know when to go home." The most neglected book of the year was "Residential Quarter," by Louis Aragon. It is not only a soundly constructed novel and a marvelous picture of French society before the War—far more convincing than the one you find in "Men of Good Will"—but also an exciting story to read, full of love and politics and violence. Yet it got comparatively little attention in the critical journals—being reviewed either by conservatives or Trotskyists, both hostile to the author—and so far its sales have been approximately one three-hundredth part of Margaret Halsey's. MALCOLM COWLEY

Campus

The leaves blowing, and the young girls blowing
With the tread of leaves along the windy street:
They take no heed of the wind at his busy mowing;
They mock his season with laughter shrill and sweet,
And insolent, and unknowing.

But the wind will have them as it has the others.
Like all the lovely and insolent ones before,
They too will be brought to bed; they will be mothers
Of dead men blown like leaves on the winds of war.

Woodrow Wilson's Big Year

Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters. Vol. VII: War Leader, by Ray Stannard Baker. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 624 pages. $3.50.

THE SEVENTH VOLUME of Mr. Baker's official life of Woodrow Wilson is presented in the form of what amounts to a day-to-day diary of the President's activities during the period from April 6, 1917, to February 28, 1918. The basic theme is the conduct of the War but, as the emphasis is necessarily on Wilson's position with regard to the task, not enough material is presented really to give a rounded picture of the job. A highly significant point which emerges, however, is the great emphasis the President placed upon remaining untrammeled as chief executive officer. He firmly rejected all efforts to force him to share final executive authority or to accept any dictated scheme for delegating the various tasks in hand. Yet in spite of the centrality of Wilson's position, the real story of how we fought falls outside the scope of Mr. Baker's narrative.

With the relentless honesty which we have now come to expect of Mr. Baker, he here brings to light points about the President's career which will delight his critics far more than his friends. Especially is this true with regard to the long debated matter of the secret treaties into which the Allied powers had entered prior to American participation in the War. From this record it is now plain that Wilson knew about the treaties, in greater or less detail, very early in the game and, while the agencies through which he gained knowledge were many, the chief person offering authoritative enlightenment was Arthur Balfour. It is also clear now that on his own volition and with the sympathetic support of Colonel House, Wilson desperately tried to minimize the importance of these treaties in his own thinking, relying upon the tremendous and worldwide prestige he was building up to enable him to reduce the treaties to a similar lack of importance in the negotiations at the peace conference which would close the War. It is rather curious that he should have taken up this position for, as Mr. Baker shows, both the President and Colonel House saw with reasonable clarity that the leaders of the Allied governments were reactionaries and war-mongers and it would be with them that he would have to deal. In his pre-war declarations Wilson had several times indicated that he knew the dangers of drawing up a peace treaty in an atmosphere poisoned by the punitive psychology which was so characteristic of the victorious conclusion of a bitter war, but actual participation in the War seems to have inflated the idea of his personal power and prestige to such monstrous proportions that he failed really to remember his own warning. It would seem a reasonable speculation that Wilson's collapse was partly due to his having overestimated his own power and underestimated that of the opposition.

Equally significant are the notes in this volume on the evolution of the government's policy toward the Russian Revolution. There was a slow movement from enthusiastic approbation, especially for the Kerensky regime, to suspicion and fear of the Bolsheviks, plainly leading in the direction of the interventionist policy which Wilson later endorsed and assisted in executing. It is to Wilson's credit, however, that

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his reasons had precious little to do with the right of the Russian people to determine their own destiny. As usual, the most reactionary view was taken by Robert Lansing.

This volume also records the beginnings of the investigations of the so-called Peace Commission, the comprehensiveness of whose data later won the applause of many persons who attended the Versailles Conference; it contains many significant references to unrest in the Allied countries and the interesting information that Mr. Baker himself was sent abroad to investigate the matter; references to the President's part in the Mooney case; material showing that the American authorities thought poorly of the British navy; and evidence on a host of minor matters which all go to make a comprehensive picture of Woodrow Wilson as the time influenced him and he influenced the time.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

The Social Sources of Poetry

Illusion and Reality, by Christopher Caudwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 365 pages. $5.

TO READ THIS NEW STUDY of the sources of poetry is to be reminded of Friedrich Engels' preface to the first English translation of "Das Kapital." There he wrote:

> Every new aspect of a science involves a revolution in the technical terms of that science. This is best shown by chemistry, where the whole of the terminology is radically changed about once in twenty years, and where you will hardly find a single organic compound that has not gone through a whole series of different names.

Here again one finds a significant revaluation of the very terms used in critical literature and along with it the serious intention to create a new context for the understanding of them as they are related to English poetry. "Illusion and Reality" is an avowedly Marxian interpretation of basic problems which confront the poet in a contemporary world: and for this generation it is the first book of its kind since T. E. Hulme's "Speculations" to present those materials which should become the concern of every critic.

The book attempts to cover a large field, for its purpose was to show the various organic relationships of the art of poetry to society; to be, in fact, a study of historical materialism as it emerges through a study of poetry. Its specific commentary on individual writers and their work seems at times to fall into a mechanical and diminished perspective, the kind one gets by gazing through the wrong end of a telescope. Its chapters on the English poets seem hurriedly written and less sharp in observation than those dealing with the actual elements of poetry itself, nor should one look within them to find a skilled analysis of individual quotations of romantic verse. The value of this study lies in its critical attitude toward the self-pitying conventions which are identified with romantic poetry in its decline, the brilliance with which it attacks the forms of idealism that have entered the literary criteria of psychoanalysis (as well as the tendency to dismiss the artist as a neurotic member of society) and the felicity of its generalizations, which should give rise to a serious revaluation of twentieth-century criticism. Here are two of the commentaries in which the author defines esthetic emotion and the relationship between art and nature:

> Esthetic objects are esthetic in so far as they arouse emotions peculiar not to the individual man but to associated men. From this arises the disinterested, suspended and objective character of esthetic emotion.
>
> Language communicates not simply a dead image of outer reality but also and simultaneously an attitude toward it, and does so because all experience, all life, all reality emerges consciously in the course of man's struggle with Nature. . . . Because man's life is educed from present reality by the contradiction between man and Nature, outer reality and inner feeling by this very contradiction mutually develop each other and themselves.

From this logic the thesis of "Illusion and Reality" makes a final distinction between the terms of art and science, fantasy and reality:

> Art is the science of feeling, science the art of knowing. . . . Art is born in struggle, because there is in society a conflict between fantasy and reality. It is not a neurotic conflict because it is a social problem and is solved by the artist for society.

I can think of no better material for an actual discussion of the poetry now written in England and in this country than that which can be found in the terminology of "Illusion and Reality." If critical thinking may be dignified by the name of "science," then it is true that this new aspect of it involves a fruitful revolution in its technical terms. And again, like T. E. Hulme's "Speculations," "Illusion and Reality" has been published posthumously and is the work of an extraordinarily precocious writer, a young Englishman, Christopher St. John Sprigg, who wrote under the pen-name of "Christopher Caudwell," who joined the Loyalist forces at Madrid, and was killed fighting against the fascist invasion of Spain at the age of twenty-eight.

HORACE GREGORY

Cape Codders

Cranberry Red, by E. Garside. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

CAPE COD has been a ghost for so long that any characterization of its living is an exercise of courage and intelligence. And while this novel is the story of a personal and sometimes very subjective adventure that might have taken place almost anywhere, it brings a great deal of light to a section of the country that has been obscured for years by banjo clocks, Sandwich glass, picket fences and the smells in spice boxes.

You might have seen Keith Bain, the main character of this book, on the front steps of any American public library, shortly after a cold drizzle had set in. Well educated, unemployed, shunted around by relief agencies, he is a good deal more representative of the Cape than its saltier and older inhabitants. He finds work in a cranberry cannery. He falls in love, observes violence and brings an unusual understanding to the character of his boss, the Yankee, and to the Italians and Portuguese he works with. And if this book occasionally lacks decision and life it seems to be reflecting the lack of decision and life in the part of the country that serves as its background. Cape Cod hasn't been a ghost all these years for nothing.

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"Objective and Scholarly"

The Senate of the United States, by George H. Haynes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 2 vols., 1,134 pages. $8.50.

THIS IS A MONUMENTAL and scholarly treatise on the Senate of the United States, institutional in scope and emphasis; that is to say, it covers eleven hundred pages, is written in a sober and dignified manner, without any whimsical turns and allusions, and deals with forms, rules and procedures rather than the content of the Senate's work. Two chapters are primarily historical in character: planning the Senate in the federal convention of 1787 and setting Senate precedents in the First Congress. The heads of the remaining chapters of Volume I disclose the institutional nature of the exposition: election of Senators by state legislatures; Senate control over elections and members; Senate officers and organization; Senate committees; Senate rules and procedure; debate in the Senate; Senate influence in financial legislation; leadership and lobbying; Senate investigations. Volume II treats of treaty-making, appointments, removals, impeachment, privileges and perquisites, customs, Senate and President, Senate and House, and the changing Senate.

Materials for the text covering or illustrating these topics have been drawn from a wide variety of sources: laws, official documents, Senate rules, records of committees and debates, judicial decisions, private letters and papers, newspaper reports, conversations and correspondence with Senators and members of the House, and direct personal observations of the author. The work rests upon long, painstaking and accurate research, and is documented with meticulous care. It is not likely to be superseded soon, if ever; doubtless it will long remain as the great, authoritative treatise on the subject, in the manner chosen. Every person who pretends to think about and discuss business in Washington in which the Senate or Senators are concerned will do well to read it with care and to ponder the precedents herein set forth with scholarly precision and as a rule with good temper.

Only when Mr. Haynes departs from the austere operation of citing and quoting documents does he betray any underlying emotions. For example, when he comes to President Franklin D. Roosevelt's plan for the reorganization of the judiciary in 1937, he feels called upon to characterize it as an "assault upon the independence of the judiciary," and to praise the Senate for proving, on that battlefield, to be "a citadel of law, of order and of liberty."

This is the kind of writing that historians and political scientists who claim to be objective often indulge in, while boasting of their balance, perspective and scientific calm. Personally, I am inclined to the opinion that the "objective" business is decidedly overworked and that many of the discussions coming under that head are more akin to astrology than to the biology, botany, anatomy and physiology which I studied at college. If one is trying to be objective in fact, however, I see no more reason for calling the President's plan an assault upon the independence of the judiciary than for calling the five-to-four and six-to-three decisions of the Supreme Court in New Deal cases "assaults upon the independence of Congress and the President." In fact, Mr. Justice Stone intimated as much in his dissenting opinion in the AAA case. "Objectively speaking," I see no more reason for respecting the opinions of Mr. Justice Butler than for accepting the judgments of Mr. Justice Stone. Indeed, constituted as I am, I have little respect for the former and a tremendous respect for the latter, although in saying this I shall enrage a lot of "objective historians."

Mr. Haynes is also rather warm about the appointment of Hugo Black to the Supreme Court, which brought "embarrassment and humiliation to many Senators who declared they could not have voted for Black's confirmation had these disclosures [about the Ku Klux Klan] been brought to light before the vote was taken." Now I have no more use for the Ku Klux Klan than Mr. Haynes has, but if one is to be "balanced and objective" why not set over the account of Mr. Black's appointment an account of the appointment of Mr. Pierce Butler? I have heard it said in Washington that Mr. Butler promised the Senate committee that looked into his record to stay off railway-rate decisions and it would be interesting to know what became of the stenographic minutes of the committee hearings in his case.

These, I believe, are pertinent comments and they indicate some of the difficulties involved in being "objective" and "scholarly." If we are to have the truth, let us get as much of it as we can get or can endure. Nevertheless Mr. Haynes has written a great book, a useful book, one worthy of a place beside James Bryce's "American Common-

CHARLES A. BEARD

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Not Angry Enough

New Directions, 1938, edited by James Laughlin IV. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. Pages unnumbered. $2.50.

NEW DIRECTIONS is rapidly becoming the best of the experimental presses in the country. That is, with all the little magazines dead, with experimental writing reaching a new low, or seeming to, under the pressure of the news, sectarian editors or total lack of outlet, Mr. Laughlin's press in Norfolk has the field almost to itself. And is doing well, printing the new work of a whole street of experimental writers. Now, with the third anthology of "New Directions," the press shows itself up in both its promise and its paucity.

A defensive preface puts the whole book on guard. Here the editor throws down his brief and summary challenge, a justified challenge to new writing to be an exercise, not a soporific, calling for change, change that keeps art alive, and perpetuating the continual struggle between convention and revolt. That is what the book might be.

But the quality of the book depends on something else than the bravery of its preface. It depends on the contents—that is, on the scab story by Strauss, on Sargeson's grotesques, on Patchen's poems of the religious impulse, on Clark's effective anti-mother story, on Lechlitner's radio play and Zukovsky's long poem with its fine sources, its obvious acknowledged debt to Pound, its anecdotes and quotes and kindly passages, on Higgins' disgust with the church, and O'Reilly's story of the fantastic business men, the dwarf Chopin-players, the tress of dead hair gleaming as the snow falls into the piano. This section of the book establishes its tone: disgust, a disgust book, full of resentment against authority, implying the experimental resentment—but, not being limited by either politics or philosophy (that is, a relation to activity), taking a somehow puerile voice, lining up like the bright refractory students outside the principal's office.

The section, "New Directions in Design," includes community plans, the benevolent tall buildings of Gropius and Wright, reinforced concrete, new materials, plywood, utilities, uses of light, theatres, departures in cars (the Scarab, the Mercedes-Benz). An essay on contemporary design is a real lack here; it would have been fine to have along with the good photos.

And then, for technical interest, Pound's "Heaulmière" song from his opera "Villon," Thomas' lurid attractive lyric prose and incurved poems, Hugh Sykes Davies' fable, MacLeish's discussion of his work in "Land of the Free" (*cf.* David Wolff on film-poetry in New Theatre), Fergusson's "Charm," the Japanese work on ideograms, Eluard given again as hero (and hard to accept), Schwartz, Maas, Saroyan, Ribischka, Moore, Laughlin; and a page apology that Henry Miller, whose "Tropic of Cancer" is splashing the press across the news, could not have been printed because of the censor.

Some of it is good disgust; it has to be said now, more and more, all writing must be heard; but the disgust drowns the life, often. The book won't stand up, as living writing. Here it is, however, the year's experimental writing, or a good slice of it. But not angry enough; or not

New Books: A Reader's List

SCARLET AND BLACK, by Marie-Henri Beyle de Stendhal (Dutton, 2 vols., $1.80). Everyman's Library has a new binding, simpler and more substantial but rather less attractive than before. These two volumes, Nos. 945 and 946, are the best of the recent additions to the series. They contain the greatest French novel of the nineteenth century —we stand by that—in the Scott Moncrieff translation, which is the only good one.

THE COUNTRY ROD AND GUN BOOK, by Arthur Wallace Peach (Farrar and Rinehart, $2). There's nothing highbrow in this book, though it sometimes gets truly-rural and a bit too chummy with the reader. For the most part it consists of simple instructions on how to catch various kinds of fish—including bullheads—and how to shoot such game as one finds in New England. One of the better and more practical volumes in the Country Series, edited in Weston, Vermont, by the Country Press.

T. E. LAWRENCE TO HIS BIOGRAPHERS (Doubleday, Doran, 2 vols., $20). What he told Robert Graves the poet, and Liddell Hart the military historian, when each of them was writing a book about him; two sides of a complex and tragic personality. To be reviewed this spring when the Lawrence letters appear.

THE POEMS AND PLAYS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON (Modern Library, $1.25). A volume of 1,151 pages that includes "virtually everything Tennyson ever wrote," from his juvenilia down to his last poems and poetic dramas. By charging 25 cents more for the Modern Library Giants—they used to cost $1—the publishers have solved the problem of giving them a pleasing and permanent

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binding. The printing is good too, but the paper still is flimsy.

PROSPERITY AND SECURITY, by Ralph Borsodi (Harpers, $3). The founder of the now famous self-sustaining community at Suffern, New York, tries to restate conventional economics in support of his thesis that economic salvation lies in the operation of the modern home as a producing as well as a consuming unit. Two remarks: first, that the Suffern Plan is providing a fruitful way of life for commuters; second, that in spite of this Mr. Borsodi's point of view is retrogressive in its broader implications.

EQUALITY AND THE LAW, by Louis A. Warsoff (Liveright, $3). The doctrine of equal protection as based on the Fourteenth Amendment, traced historically in its tortuous path through the Supreme Court. The original concept—equality for the Negro—has been expanded by judicial interpretation to encompass far-reaching protection to private business from legislative control. A competent though entirely legalistic study.

ADDRESS UNKNOWN, by Kressman Taylor (Simon and Schuster, $1). Out of these lean and bitter letters between an American Jew and his Nazi ex-partner in Munich, Mrs. Taylor has carved a shining anti-Fascist fable for our time. Not a great short story, but a thunderous evocation of the world's anger.

A GOOD HOME WITH NICE PEOPLE, by Josephine Lawrence (Little, Brown, $2.50). The sixth of Miss Lawrence's novels about everyday social problems. This one deals with housemaids and mistresses, and is recommended reading for every housewife who drives her servants to desperation—not for possible reform, but for the righteous indignation she will enjoy over the sins of other housewives. Detail to the life.

GOING THEIR OWN WAYS: A Novel of Modern Marriage, by Alec Waugh (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). Written as though the victims of these marital mix-ups were specimens mounted on a slide. A novel that has neither the breadth and sweep of a chronicle, nor the intensity one hopes to find in a study of individuals.

Contributors

PAUL M. SWEEZY is an instructor in Economics at Harvard University and a co-author of "An Economic Program for American Democracy" recently published by the Vanguard Press.

ALBERT MAYER is a New York architect and student of housing. He is consultant to the United States Housing Authority, chairman of the New Housing Committee of the Citizens' Housing Council of New York and chairman of the Borough Planning Board of Manhattan.

FRANZ RAINER is the pseudonym of a German exile, formerly a leading financial editor and writer and a personal friend of both Schacht and Funk.

LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY lives in Augusta, Georgia. He has contributed poems and articles to some thirty publications.

MCALISTER COLEMAN has written a biography of Eugene V. Debs. He lives in Radburn, New Jersey.

EDMUND WILSON has been working for several years on a book on the history of socialist theory, "To the Finland Station," to be published by Harcourt, Brace.

TED OLSON, until recently editor of The Laramie, Wyoming, Republican-Boomerang, is living in New York City.

HORACE GREGORY is the author of several volumes of verse. He is a member of the English faculty at Sarah Lawrence College.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN recently returned from two years in Australia on a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, during which he lectured at Melbourne University and to the Australian Institute of Political Science, in addition to collecting material for a book on the Australian Commonwealth.

CHARLES A. BEARD has written widely on history, economics and politics. His latest manuscript, in collaboration with his wife, Mary Beard, is "America in Midpassage," to be published March 28 by Macmillan.

MURIEL RUKEYSER has written two books of poems, "Theory of Flight" and "USI," and contributed to many magazines.

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